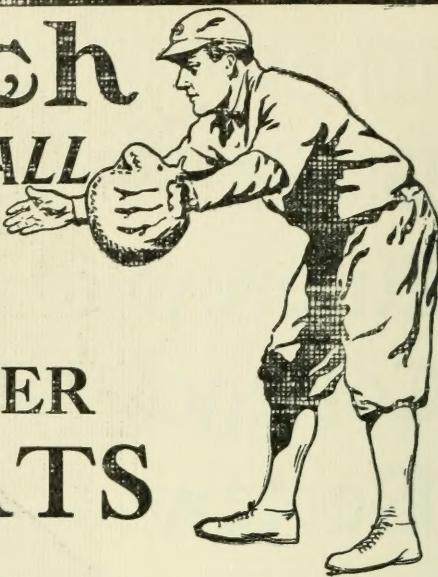


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Midsummer
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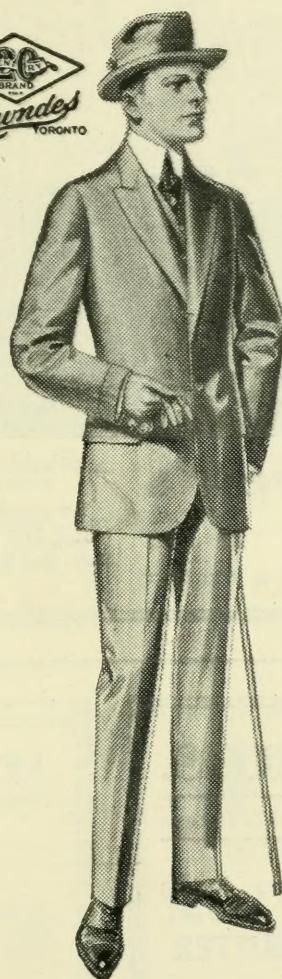
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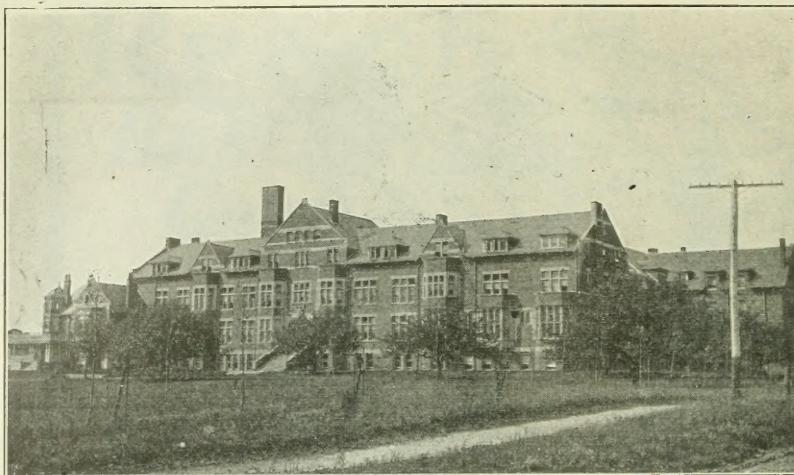


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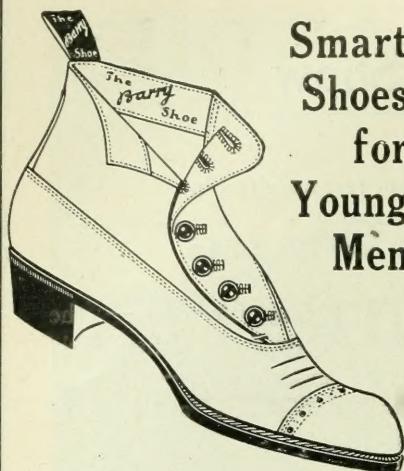
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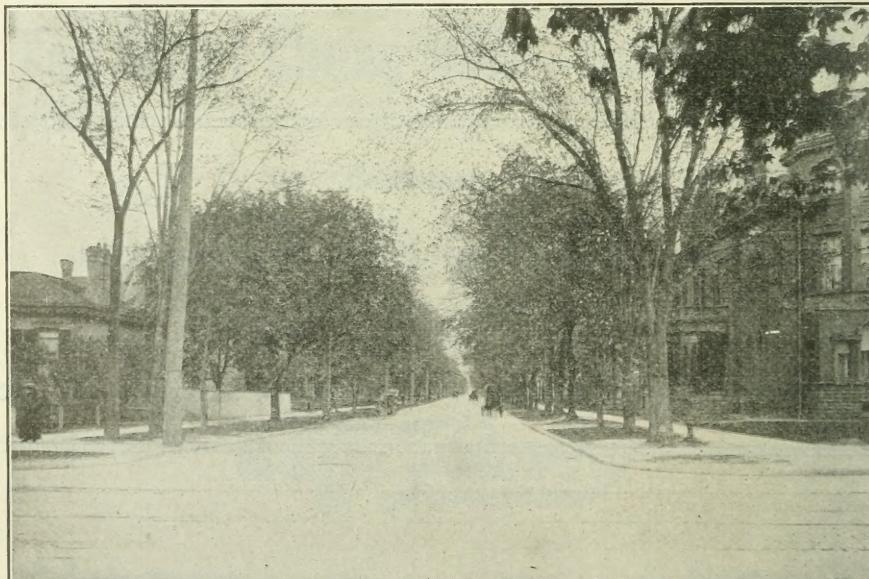
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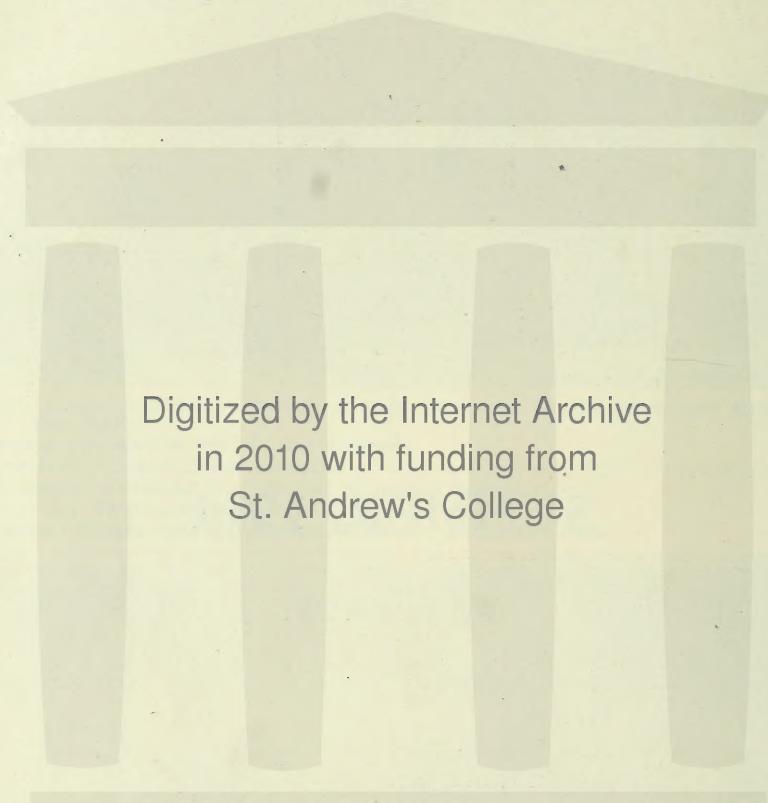
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First Eleven, Upper School

St. Andrew's College Review

MIDSUMMER, 1914

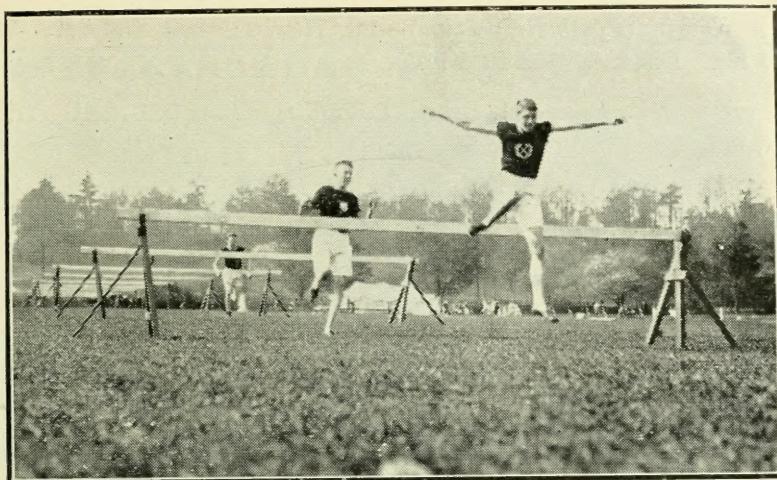
Editorial

ONCE again St. Andrew's College has had the signal honour of entertaining a Royal guest, on this occasion in the person of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught, who, on Thursday, May 21st, very graciously consented to distribute the prizes at our annual athletic sports, and expressed a wish to have presented to her the members of the staff and others prominently connected with the school. The connection of the word "gracious" with any mention of Royalty has become so stereotyped in modern journalism that the epithet has almost ceased to connote anything definite; but no other word could so suitably apply, in all the extent of its meaning, to the good humour and kindness with which Her Royal Highness met our attempts to entertain her throughout what must have been to her, so recently recovered from sickness, somewhat of an ordeal. An account of the Sports Day, with photos of the Duchess, will be found in these pages; and the remembrance of her own and the Duke's kindness to our School will remain with us long after those same pages have yellowed in the Editorial pigeon-holes.

BY the time this number appears, the School Year will have closed, and with it our Editorship of the REVIEW, and we would take this opportunity of thanking our supporters and contributors for all they have done to aid us in our pleasant task. Without entering into detail of the successes achieved by St. Andrew's Boys, past and present, during the three terms just completed, we are justified in referring with some complacency to the past year as one that has well maintained our best school traditions, and that is to speak in terms of eulogy. To our readers and to all who have the interest of the School at heart, we wish God speed.



Ourselves



Finish of the Senior Hurdles

SPORTS DAY

THE fourteenth annual athletic meeting was held on Thursday, May 21st, 1914. The weather was excellent, a trifle warm, but such that it enabled everyone to enjoy themselves. It was one grand success from start to finish, and one thousand spectators went home with the satisfaction of having spent a pleasant afternoon.

To crown all, Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Connaught, graced the College with her presence, and at the conclusion of the sports presented the prizes to the lucky winners.

After the prizes were all distributed, Travis, as Head Prefect, presented the Duchess with an exact reproduction in gold of the crest of the Athletic Association.

The following are the winners of the events:—

The School Championship was won by Brown I, the Senior Boarders' Championship by Sproule, the Junior Championship by Winter II, the Junior Boarders' Championship by Lines.

Kicking the Football (Senior)—1st, Taylor III; 2nd, Wright I; 3rd, Cossitt. Distance: 166 ft. 1 in.

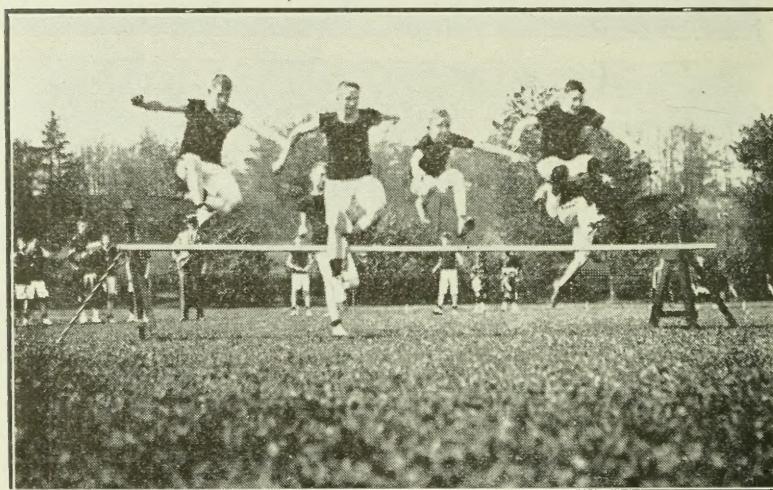
Kicking Football (Junior)—1st, Hewitt; 2nd, Calvert; 3rd, Auld. Distance: 112 ft. 4 in.

One Mile Run—1st, Brown I; 2nd, Sproule; 3rd, Bell. Time: 5 min. 2 sec.

Half-mile Run—1st, Brown I; 2nd, McMurtry; 3rd, Findley I. Time: 2 min. 6 sec.

440 Yards Dash—1st, Brown I; 2nd, Sproule; 3rd, Findley. Time: 55 1-5 sec.

Throwing Cricket Ball (Senior)—1st, Rogers I; 2nd, Paterson; 3rd, Wright I. Distance: 296 ft.

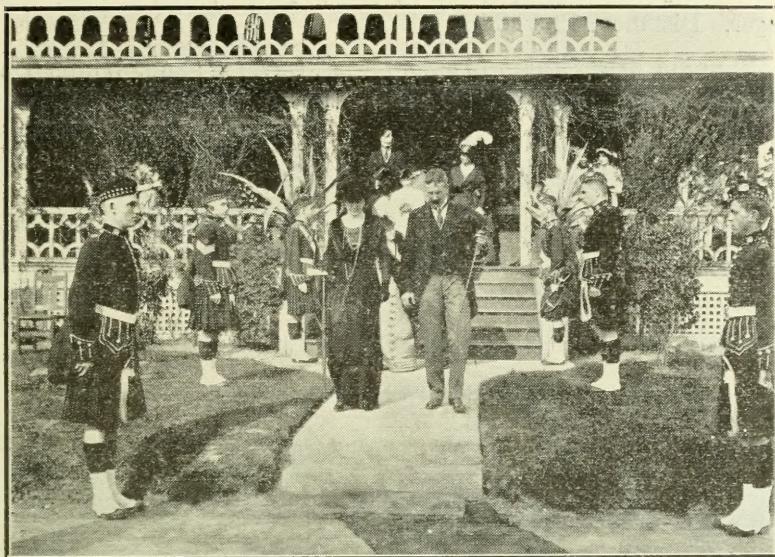


Throwing Cricket Ball (Junior)—1st, Davis II; 2nd, Kent; 3rd, Tugwell.

Running High Jump (Junior)—1st, Davis II; 2nd, Hewitt; 3rd, Winter II. Height: 4 ft. 4 in.

Standing Broad Jump (Senior)—1st, Sproule; 2nd, McRae; 3rd, Whitaker I. Distance: 9 ft. 4 1/4 in.

Standing Broad Jump (Junior)—1st, Lines; 2nd, Hewitt; 3rd, Davis II. Distance: 7 ft. 8 1/2 in.



Running Broad Jump (Senior)—1st, Sproule; 2nd, Brown; 3rd, Roger. Distance: 18 ft. 6 in.

Running Broad Jump (Junior)—1st, Davis II; 2nd, Winter II; 3rd, Lines.

Putting the Shot—1st, McRae; 2nd, Soot; 3rd, McLennan. Distance: 39 ft. 10 in. (school record).

50-yard Dash (Prep. Form)—1st, Merry; 2nd, Carlisle; 3rd, Rogers. Time: 8 sec.

100-yard Dash (Senior)—1st, Coatsworth; 2nd, Sproule; 3rd, Findley. Time: 10 4-5 sec.



100-yard Dash (Under 13)—1st, Kent II; 2nd, Auld; 3rd, Applegate II. Time: 13 1-5 sec.

Hurdles (Under 16)—1st, Rolph II; 2nd, Lines; 3rd, Hewitt. Time: 19 sec.

Three-legged Race—1st, Moseley and Smith II; 2nd, Findley II and Applegath II; 3rd, Burns and Davis. Time: 7 2-5 sec.

220 Yards (Senior)—1st, Sproule; 2nd, Brown I; 3rd, Coatsworth. Time: 24 3-5 sec.

100 Yards Dash (Under 16)—1st, Burns; 2nd, Boyd; 3rd, Rolph II. Time: 12 4-5 sec.

Lower School Race (Handicap)—1st, Boyd; 2nd, Lines; 3rd, Hewitt. Time: 10 sec.

100 Yard Dash (Junior)—1st, Lines; 2nd, Winter II; 3rd, Hewitt. Time: 12 4-5 sec.

Hurdle Race (Senior)—1st, Brown I; 2nd, Findley I; 3rd, Sproule. Time: 20 sec.

220 Yard Dash (Junior)—1st, Winter II; 2nd, Darrock; 3rd, Boyd. Time: 29 3-5 sec.

Sack Race—1st, Lazier; 2nd, Findley II; 3rd, Lockhart.

Obstacle Race—1st, Horne II; 2nd, Denovan; 3rd, Macdonald III.

Running High Jump (Senior)—1st, Brown; 2nd, Cossitt. Height: 5 ft. 3 in.

Hurdle Race (Junior)—1st, Winter II; 2nd, Darrock; 3rd, Lawson. Time: 20 1-5 sec.

220 Yards Dash (Under 17)—1st, Smith III; 2nd, Moseley; 3rd, Burns. Time: 28 sec.

Consolation Race (Junior)—1st, Lockhart; 2nd, Applegath II.

Consolation Race (Senior)—1st, Maedougall II.

HINTS ON DEPORTMENT IN CRICKET

IN view of the growing importance in Canadian athletic circles of the English national game, and in view, too, of the many and great difficulties that beset the way of the young aspirant to a cricket reputation, it has been thought desirable to set down on paper a few hints and suggestions culled from a long and painful experience of the pastime. Now cricket is a very difficult game, in which real proficiency can only result from steady and patient practice spread over many weary years. But between practical proficiency and a useful reputation for the possession of the same is a great gulf fixed, a gulf that many of us need never strive to cross, because the reputation referred to is to be found on this side of it. Probably no topic has been more elaborately involved in platitude than that of "the glorious uncertainty of cricket," and it is upon this "uncertainty" that the following maxims are based.

The reputation as an experienced player which will be gained by a careful perusal and conscientious practice of these maxims will not be a lasting one if the student is rash enough to play several times in succession for the same team; but if he does not overdo it, his display, and a little judicious self-advertisement, should be enough to secure him sufficient invitations from different local teams to last him out a short season. He should then leave the district.

The bed-rock of the whole system is, as we have said, the fact that the very best of players has his "off" day. Encouraged by this assurance, our novice may don his, or someone else's, pads with no misgivings as to his almost certain failure to secure any runs or take any wickets. This pardonable weakness of his will be more than covered by his obvious possession of the far more important quality known as "style." In the eyes of the spectator he will, like Shakespeare's young man, have done more than achieve success—he will have deserved it.

Let it be taken as an axiom that he must not run the risk of accepting any responsibility that can be avoided. He must not, therefore, pose as a bowler.

Without considerable practice and experience it is impossible for even the most stylish of would-be players to impose on anyone as a bowler, apart from the fact that a first over which yields six boundaries, some wides, and a no-ball or so is trying to the temper of the

best regulated of captains, and would go far to offset the effect made by the faithful observance of these maxims.

Our student will therefore restrict the exhibition of his art to batting and fielding. Of course, in a one-day match, he may not be called upon to bat at all. If such is his good fortune, he should strive to make his effect by a judicious criticism of the play of the other batsmen. A useful stock of phrases for this purpose may be gleaned from any full account of a big match, but great care should be exercised in the correct application of the same. For instance, it is imperative to get the distinction between "leg" and "off" fixed clearly in the mind as early as possible, and to avoid any confusion between the terms "long-hop" and "yorker," nor should a "googly" on any account be described as a "leg glide," or a "late cut" as a "pull." Safeguarded by precautions such as these, our student should await his turn to field, suitably attired in the regulation flannels, with a blazer and club cap superimposed. These should be elderly and faded, any suggestion of newness being carefully avoided; nor should the cap match the blazer, nor either of them belong to any club well known locally.

We will now accompany our hero into the field. Cap and blazer being removed, he is discovered in white canvas shirt, much opened at the neck, round which a silk scarf should be knotted untidily; well cut white flannel trousers (too much stress cannot be laid on the cut of those trousers), with a broad reef round the ankles, and very stout white buckskin boots, with the thickest soles obtainable. These latter, should he have to stop a swift ball, by some inadvertence or neglect of the simple rules that follow, will save a good deal of wear and tear on the hands. If he have any influence in the placing of the field, he should manage to be put somewhere in the slips. It is true that this is a responsible position, but it has the following advantages. If there are several slips, the responsibility for dropped catches, etc., is divided, whereas, if they are only few, the skilful player, after an over or two, can generally gauge where the ball is *not* going, and edge himself gradually into that position. Moreover, the ball comes so fast from the bat that a miss is almost excusable, and a purely fluke catch may often be brought off almost unconsciously, with the hand raised in self-defence. If, however, he is placed at the mercy of a driving bat, or, worse still, in the long field, where long and lofty catches lie in wait for the unwary, he is

in evil case, but still need not despair. The best way to avoid a "skier" is to misjudge the distance, and over-run the spot where it will fall; but if the fielder's luck is right out, and the ball drops straight at him, a short step backwards, followed by a carefully simulated limp (not too pronounced) is wonderfully effective towards softening the rage of the bowler. In fielding a swiftly travelling ground ball, unless it is coming straight (when the thick soles alluded to must be brought into play), the player can always start just too late to intercept it. With a little practice an appearance of great speed can be combined with the requisite amount of "check" action to achieve the acquired result. And before leaving the subject of fielding, one word of caution. When throwing in, avoid at any cost hitting one of your own side. If you must hit someone, choose the enemy's umpire or either of the batsmen. The spectacle of a gentleman in a long white coat hopping about in agony never fails to give a certain amount of harmless amusement to the onlookers, and the maiming of an opposing batsman may be a distinct asset to your side.

And now we come to batting, the supreme test of our student's skill. By way of preface let him always bear in mind that his innings will almost certainly terminate with the first straight ball he receives, and that his whole effect has to be made between the moment when he leaves the pavilion for the wickets and that when shortly after he returns from them. He should contrive to engage someone in anecdote at the right moment, so that he may leave the pavilion with a cheery laugh to show how lightly he regards the ordeal that awaits him. Then with pads (not too new) buckled over carefully creased trousers (the crease should be double and at the back of the leg), with his bat (the older the better) tucked under his arm, he should advance briskly and with springy step, putting on his gloves all the way. If the player does not possess an old bat, some twine bound in a thick swathe round the bottom and a few pegs driven into the face will go far towards lending a new bat a workman like appearance. This look of *eld* may be enhanced, if thought desirable, by dabs of walnut juice and blacking judiciously applied, and a few hearty "swats" on the head of the bed-post. Arrived at the wicket, if he has to receive the ball, he should take guard elaborately. This is done by holding the bat edgewise towards the bowler and demanding sternly of the umpire, "How's that?" He will pro-

bably think you want "centre" and waggle his hand about to direct you thither. Glare fiercely at him and bang your bat down in the same place, but this time with the whole face directed towards him, and ask gruffly, "What am I covering?" He will answer something, but take no notice of this, for it will heighten the effect if at this moment you turn to the wicket-keep with a look expressive of humourous resignation at the stupidity of umpires, before again demanding truculently, "leg-stump please!". Having found the spot, remove one of the bails and scratch the ground very carefully therewith, return the bail and plant your bat squarely on the spot once again, with the question, "What do I cover?" On receiving his answer, which is perfectly unimportant, turn your back on the discomfited umpire, and with the edge of the bat hammer patiently at the spot you have marked. Then forget all about it. Any annoyance this course of procedure may have caused the umpire is entirely negligible. He can only revenge himself by giving you "out" when the point is doubtful, and such a contingency is in your case extremely unlikely.

The important matter of "guard" thus disposed of, you will next grip the bat in both hands and, holding it aloft in menacing fashion, turn leisurely about you to mark the position of each man in the field, looking long and leisurely at square-leg (it may make the other umpire nervous) before you settle yourself very deliberately in the orthodox pose to receive the bowler's delivery.

After this lengthy interval it is unlikely that his first ball to you will be on the wicket. If it goes wide to the off, step in that direction with bat raised as if prepared to cut; if it passes you to leg, draw in the left leg smartly with the bat covering it, to convey the impression that you contemplated a leg-glide (this will also ensure the safety of that leg from any chance of damage). In neither case make any attempt to hit. You would probably miss the ball altogether, and the resultant position is undignified, whereas if you did manage to reach the ball, you would indubitably give a catch.

The next step is to walk slowly up to the middle of the pitch and pat it with the face of the bat, or, if you prefer, pick up a little piece of grass and earth here and there and throw them aside with an expression of profound disgust at the state of the wicket.

Again face the bowler, let him take his run, and, just as he is about to deliver the ball, hold up your left hand in protest, stand-

ing aside from the wicket. This will be taken to signify that some movement behind his arm is distracting you, it is very impressive to the spectators, and, what is important from your point of view, it annoys the bowler exceedingly, and may result in his next delivery being erratic. If it is, go through the motions as before; but if by any chance it is straight, the best course is to keep the bat perpendicular and project it steadily forward together with the left leg. You may stop the ball, you may by some chance (especially if the bat slips in your hands) steer it to the off and even achieve a run.

Avoid, above all things, closing the eyes at the moment of impact. The effect of even so momentary a display of sensitiveness as this might be disastrous to the impression you have so far created.

Assuming that your wicket is still intact, and that you have not been caught, now is the time to ask the umpire for a fresh "guard," or even, if the ball has struck the bat with sufficient violence, to send for a second bat.

If, however, you have been lucky enough to get that run and reach the other wicket, it will be better to save up the second bat, for there is another guard to be taken from the other umpire, more tufts of grass that will need removing, etc.

Do not, elated by your success, tempt Providence too far. Be well content if you have passed (by various ingenious devices) some ten minutes at the wicket. It will then be far best to get out through a stroke of "rank bad luck." This can be very effectively accomplished by putting your padded leg in front of the next fairly straight ball. The umpire, exasperated by your demands upon his patience, will readily yield to any appeal for leg-before, and you will be able to retire with a grievance to receive the condolence of an audience amongst whom it should not be difficult to create the impression that the umpire's decision was unjust, and that your innings would have been a great and glorious one had it not been brought to this untimely end. One last caution. Do not forget to describe the ball which brought about your downfall as "the best ball that man has sent down to-day." All the best players do this.

DOG'S LUCK

It was a warm morning in August, the sun was shining brightly in the east, and all nature heralded the approach of the fall of the year. Many people had forsaken this small town and were on their respective ways to warmer climes for the winter.

Gyp lay basking in the warm sunshine, brooding on the prospects of his breakfast, because, since he was born, he had always been fed regularly and had never done more towards finding this or any other meal, than to steal from the pantry of his young master's house. But his master had disappeared now, the house was closed up, and therefore Gyp was left in a rather uncomfortable predicament.

He was a young mongrel fox terrier, and full of sport, who had many times played games with his master and the latter's playmates, and had been taught to fetch a stick, catch a biscuit laid on his nose, and many similar tricks.

But now these delights were over, and Gyp was obliged to forage for his own food and sleeping quarters.

The homeless dog was startled from his reverie by a sparrow which flew down directly in front of him and, taking a piece of bread in his beak, was gone again as suddenly as he had come. Gyp stared after the feathered creature until lost from view by the barn. He then began to wonder why he could not catch birds. Resolved to make the attempt, he tried again and again; but somehow his prey would always escape, so he gave up in disgust. He then remembered the garbage tin that he had often ransacked for a bone. To his dismay he found this empty, and baffled he sauntered slowly up town. He was rather hungry after his attempts to catch birds, but he could not see as much as a stray bone.

As he turned a corner a delicious and fragrant smell met his nostrils, and he naturally followed the odor to its source. It was a large bakery, whose proprietor stood a few paces from the entrance. Gyp watched him with eagerness as he mixed a brown substance in a large bowl.

The baker then began to remove bread and rolls from a big oven and place them on a cleanly scoured pine table. He then cut the mixture into pieces, which he pounded and laid in pans. These he placed into the oven on a long wooden shovel.

Gyp now felt the keen pangs of hunger more than ever, as the baker removed these pans from the oven and set them on the floor.

Gyp recognized them by their smell as circus cakes, which he had often eaten with heartiness from his young master's hand.

After emptying the oven, the baker took an iron dipper from a nearby sink, and, after filling it, he began to quench his thirst. Gyp now saw his chance, and, as he had been nearly twelve hours without food, he at once stepped forward. Two other dogs had now joined the unfortunate. They were plump, well-fed dogs, no doubt the house dogs of well-to-do people.

Gyp stole quietly and quickly to the nearest pan, and as he was about to take the cake, he stole a furtive glance at the baker. The latter was looking over the top of the dipper, but Gyp let his chance of escape go because he was so near his quarry. Taking the cake he hastened towards the door, but—too late! The baker had raised the dipper, and, crying “Git!” hurled it at the thief. It caught the unfortunate dog in the hind leg, and forced the frightened creature to limp, dropping the cake because of the pain.

He ran across the road and found shelter behind a heap of tin sheeting and logs. He then cautiously and carefully licked his wounded leg, which he saw was curiously out of shape, and caused him intense pain.

The baker came to the door to look for the thief, but the latter was nowhere to be seen. He threw a cake to the remaining two dogs, a thing he was wont to do after a dog had been hit by the fateful dipper. The old kind-hearted German knew that dogs should be attended to as children, and treated them accordingly.

Gyp during the long hours of the afternoon tried to forget his broken leg in sleep; but the pain made his intention out of the question.

As dusk was falling on the small town, the baker's doors were closed, and he entered his house, talking to his son, a youngster with the baseball craze, who had always been made a lot of as an only child.

After supper the baker settled down in a large chair to rest after his day's work. He filled his pipe and smoked peacefully, while his frau played the pianola, which they were trying to make up their minds to purchase.

Soon after the music commenced, Tom, the baker's son, stalked out into the street with the twenty-cent pitcher's mitt, and a ball of the same type and price.

He was famed, in his own mind, as a great pitcher, with a bright future before him. As he gained the street he produced his paraphernalia and looked searchingly up and down for his playmates to act as catcher.

Seeing none, he decided that he would play against the wall between the shop and the house. It was an excellent idea, and he wondered why he had not thought of it before, because time was not lost in the catcher's return. He had an official guide in his pocket, and removing his coat he began scanning the contents of the book.



Daughters of the Goddess

At last he stood up and said to himself, "Now for an in-drop." He threw the ball with all his force, and it dropped beautifully, but did not go in as he fully expected. Instead it hit the plate glass of the bakery window and made a large hole in it.

He could not understand why the ball had not curved in in the first place, because he had held and thrown the ball exactly as the guide directed.

This, however, was no time to meditate, he must think and act quickly, for it would never do to leave the ball inside.

He immediately placed the piano box, which had not been removed from the front of the bakery since the piano had come, in

front of the broken pane, and placed a board to the top of it to serve as a ladder. Putting his hand in the hole he unlocked the window and climbed in, finding the ball quite close to the aperture.

He remembered then an old pair of trousers, which if still where he had seen them, would serve as a temporary cover for the broken window. Accordingly he put the ball in his pocket and climbed through the damaged window as before. He then hastened to the place where the trousers had been, and luckily they were still there. Tearing a lavish piece from the seat of the now rotten cloth he returned to the place of the accident.

He placed the cloth over the broken pane, fastened it on the inside, and quietly returned to the house. He had decided by now that his best plan would be to await the ordeal in the morning, instead of spoiling both his and his father's evening. So he retired to his room very sorry for what he had done.

This, however, would not repair the mishap, so he went to sleep brooding on how he could most gently break the news to his pater.

By this time Gyp's hunger had increased to an unbearable pitch, and, having followed the baseball experiment with interest, he decided to enter the bakery through the hole made by the unfortunate player.

At the window he put one of his forepaws through the hole, fully expecting to step on something; but there was nothing there, and, losing his balance, he took hold on the trousers' cloth for support. Unluckily the cloth was only temporarily fastened, and with extra weight on it, it immediately fell with the dog to the floor.

When Gyp lit, he knocked over a small support to a table on which, unluckily, there were some pans. These came crashing to the floor, or, more precisely, on Gyp, with a great clatter.

The baker, awakened by the noise, came panting into the bakery, a glittering revolver in one hand and a lantern in the other. He soon spied Gyp, who still held the cloth in his mouth, under the pans.

On further examination of the shop, the baker noticed the broken window. He drew his own conclusions from a broken window, a dog with a broken leg, and the seat of a pair of trousers in his mouth, and everything in disorder; there had been a burglar visiting him.

At this moment the baker's wife entered, and, seeing the dog in distress, took him into the house. She set his injured leg, gave him

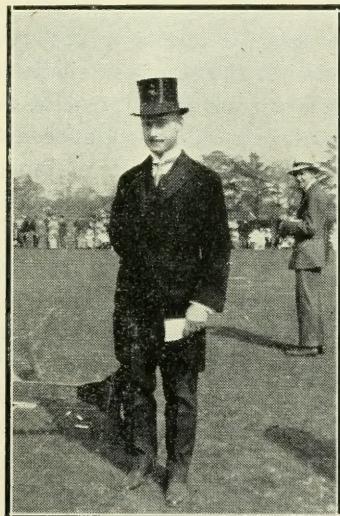
something to eat, and made a bed for him out of some old blankets in a large box.

The baker, thinking it safer, had taken his two money bags and carefully placed them under his pillow. He was not a miser, but he did not relish having all his money taken at one pillage. These bags, however, formed a rather uncomfortable resting place for his head; but he endured the hardship rather than chance another burglary. Naturally, when he arose in the morning, after a sleepless night, he was very snappy and peevish.

Tom was awake early, ready to go to school, and when informed of the mishap, felt very pleased with himself for not disturbing his father's repose on the previous evening.

As for Gyp, he was well pleased with his new quarters, and in return for the kindly attentions of his present owners performed for them all his tricks. But he made no mention of the series of accidents to which he owed his "Dog's Luck."

G. E. WHITAKER.



Another Distinguished Visitor

APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL

TEDDY WILLISON was romantic. He longed for some real romance to enter his life, something sensational to relieve the monotony of his dull existence. This feeling was very strong in him one summer night as he took his way along the business thoroughfares of New York. He turned into some of the shadier districts, hoping to chance upon something of interest.

It seemed as though fate had led him hither expressly for the gratification of his wish. For as he passed the entrance to a gloomy alley, a woman's scream rent the startled air. It stopped suddenly as though it had been forcibly stifled. But it was enough for young Willison. Like a race horse at the fall of the starter's flag, he plunged down the lane, whence he judged the cry had come. "Jove!" he thought, "what a story this will be to tell the boys at the office!" A short distance ahead he could distinguish two figures struggling silently—one a woman, the other a rough-looking man, who was attempting to wrest her purse from her.

Now, whatever faults Ted may have had, cowardice did not rank among them. Though he was small of stature and by no means a Hercules, he could not be called "yellow." He hurled himself at the tough as a fox terrier might spring at a Newfoundland dog. His fist caught the stranger on the side of the jaw and caused him to stagger across the alley. He turned as though to annihilate his diminutive assailant, glanced at the girl, and, to Ted's surprise, made off down the lane at top speed. It did occur to the rescuer that the other man could, had he so chosen, have torn him limb from limb. But he paid no attention to the fact at the time, but turned to the girl. She seemed badly frightened and was very white.

"Oh!—how can I—thank——" she said breathlessly.

"Don't try," replied Teddy gallantly. "It was nothing." He conducted her to a more frequented thoroughfare and hailed a passing taxi.

"Where do you live?" he inquired.

"Oh," she answered, "I almost forgot—I have an appointment to meet my brother at the Waldorf at 10.15. But——" she added, as he made as though to close the door, "you must come and let him thank you for what you have done."

As she insisted, he finally gave in and entering the cab, took his place beside her. During the drive he learned much which had puzzled him. She was Dorothy Newton, daughter of Mr. Thomas Newton, of number —, Riverside Drive. She was given to charity work and had been spending the evening with some poor sick children in the district where she had been held up.

She sat close to him during the ride and Ted enjoyed the situation immensely. All too soon they drew up in front of their destination and, springing out, he assisted her to alight. As she stepped down a tall, dark man stepped forward and greeted her. He was introduced to Ted as the girl's brother, Thomas Newton, Jr., and when he heard her tale he gazed admiringly at Ted and, after thanking him on his sister's behalf, lectured her for having gone alone to such a place against his wishes. After a few moments they bade Ted good-night, with a request that he would call sometime. Willison went home in the clouds.

As the daring Ted felt for his watch on preparing for bed, he was considerably surprised and alarmed to find it gone. It was a very valuable gold timepiece, worth a large sum, and he was much cut up over its loss. But when he missed also his diamond stickpin, he began to think it was more than a coincidence. His language was usually all that could be desired, but when he discovered that his pocket book had gone the way of his pin and his watch he said a few words which might have led one to misunderstand his character. Then a thought occurred to him which he quickly put from his mind. "Pooh!" he muttered, "it couldn't be."

But the following day at dinner he found that it *could* be and *was*, for he received a small note, and on opening it four small tickets dropped to the floor. As he read, a disgusted scowl and finally a grim smile crossed his features. It ran:

"DEAR MR. WILLISON,—Sorry if I have inconvenienced you in any way, but enclosed are the claim coupons for your trinkets, which you can redeem at your leisure from I. Goldstein, the pawn-broker. Yours, D. NEWTON."

"Dorothy Newton!" said Ted to himself, as he pocketed his checks. "I see it now! The hold-up was faked to attract some fool like me, and in the cab she picked my pockets. No wonder she insisted on my accompanying her. And that's why she sat so close to me, eh?"

It was this last reflection that saddened him most of all.

GRANT II.

A TOUR IN THE ANTIPODES

ON July 10th, 1912, the corps of sixty-four boys, from the King Edward High School (Vancouver) Cadet Corps, with their officers, climbed aboard the R.M.S. Zealandia bound for the Antipodes. A tour of five months was to be made to Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania for the purposes of education and the further cementing of the bonds of the British Empire.

Stopping first at Honolulu, they disembarked for a short run on shore. The Waikiki beach here is an ideal place for surf bathing, while those not wishing to indulge in this went through the large aquarium and watched the weird fishes assembled in the tanks there. Countless water creatures from all parts of the world are on view, some of the most brilliant coloring and most grotesque shapes, ranging from the tiny silver and golden midgets of the China seas to the vast mis-shapen squids of the Pacific. Of equal novelty were the lava fields, where post-cards may be "browned" by the steam which comes out of the fissures in the earth.

Le Palais was also visited—the grim cliff noted from the fact that here hundreds of natives met death by being thrown over the edge by a former king.

Between here and the destination of the ship new sights, such as flying-fish in schools, two water-spouts, and schools of porpoises enlivened the hours on deck.

Eventually, after being twenty-one days on the water continuously, except for a run on shore at Suva and Auckland, the corps left the ship at Sydney. The harbor is immense, with a maze of countless arms running inland from the main entrance, which is guarded by gunboats.

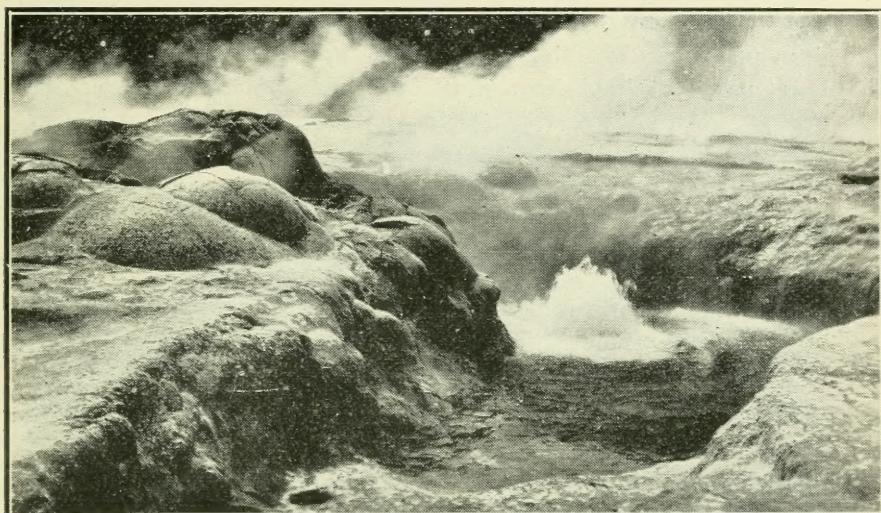
Ten days were spent in Sydney, drilling, giving receptions and sight-seeing. The next move was to Newcastle, the coal city. Here sailing vessels from all parts of the globe are in port; and here also the Mayor piloted the corps down a coal mine, and at the 500-foot level brought us into a large vault or cavern lighted by miners' lamps, where, to our surprise, a splendid banquet stood laid out on tables.

From Newcastle the corps took the boat back to Sydney, but immediately left by train for Goulburn and Melbourne.

In the capital city of Victoria State the young Canadians enjoyed a game of hockey on the artificial ice rink, and, though

the games and races were well contested, the Canucks came off victorious in all. Besides this, visits were made to all the interesting factories, and drills and concerts helped to pass a delightful three weeks' stay in Melbourne.

Geelong was the next important city visited, then Ballarat, the centre of the gold rush. This city has a very large main street, with boulevards which run in the centre and separate the two car tracks. Between every block are statues, which give the town the name of the "Statue City." One of the most striking sights is a lake, artificially made, which is thickly surrounded by weeping willows and gum trees.



A Cheery Scene at Whakarewarewa

(Further instalment of the name in our next.)

Hence by train and boat via Adelaide and the great Australian Bight to Busselton. Here the Cadets viewed a number of wonderful stalactite caves. The great caverns are lighted up by electricity, which shines through the rock crystals with an effect almost as mysterious as that of the underground lake at the same place.

Going farther inland, the great goldfield cities of Kalgoorlie, Boulder City and Coolgardie were visited. A mine in Kalgoorlie, the Horse Shoe mine, was open for inspection by the cadets. Other mines were gone over also. The heat in the mining towns was 125

degrees in the shade, and the bright sand glistens and makes the eyes sore. So hot is it that water has to be kept in canvas bags outside to keep it cool, and the miners' houses generally have walls of canvas or sacking painted with the same object. On top of all this, dust storms, called "Willy Willys," are frequent in these parts.

Back near Perth the corps was taken to view the great Mundaring weir or dam. Water is stored up here to be taken in pipes 300 miles across the desert to supply the goldfields.

While in the west, a lot of the boys were taken on rabbit and kangaroo hunts. This last-mentioned animal provides great sport. Dogs are used to help track and spot the animals. The kangaroo and even the wallaby, a smaller species, are very dangerous to both dogs and man. They balance on their tail and strike out with the long, powerful hind legs, which also aid them to get over the ground, when hunted, with inconceivable rapidity. The fur is very soft and makes good rugs.

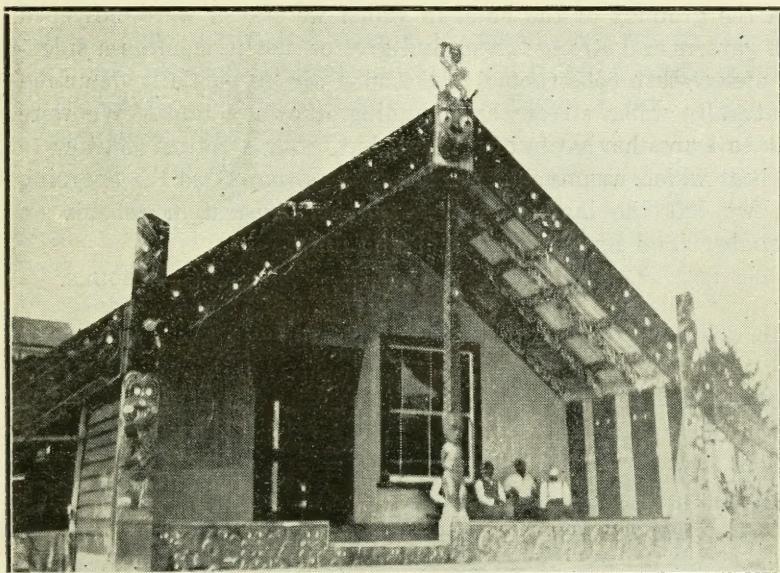
People in the western state did everything in their power to give the Canadian party a good time. Both the State Governments and that of the Commonwealth welcomed the cadets and their officers. Free transportation was given, and in nearly all cases private cars were at their disposal, while the boys who were billeted out reported their hosts as very hospitable and kind.

On the return to South Australia a longer stay was made at Adelaide. Here the cadets were shown over large sheep runs. These runs cover a tremendous lot of ground, the average space allotted to one sheep being one acre. Shearing sheds are kept busy in season, and the marvellous rapidity of a shearer at work is astonishing to the "new chum."

Grapes and raisins are a product of South Australia, and the cadets were taken over a few of the vineyards on some of the hill-sides. There are a good many ostrich farms near Adelaide, equally new to the boys. Space forbids a description of the wonderful tree-ferns and bracken of beautiful Tasmania.

In New Zealand the cadets found a climate and country much the same as British Columbia. The railways have the narrow gauge, and this, combined with the lava dust, which penetrates the railway coaches, the trunks, and even one's clothes, makes travelling a discomfort to the tourist. But this is forgotten when

one has reached the North island and the Maori wonderland. Geysers are numerous, and in most of these places mud and petroleum volcanoes. Here entertainments are given by the Maori women and men in theatres, where all the native dances are shown, and some of the women act and sing. A Maori village is situated right in amongst the geysers and steaming grounds at Whakarewarewa, and the little brown native children run around half naked, asking the Pakehi (white man) to throw pennies into a pool so they can run and dive after them. Maoris in this kind of watering place



A Maori Dwelling

are the poor class. They use the boiling water to cook with and to wash their clothes and themselves.

To make a round of the mystery-land the stage is taken to the blue and green lakes. A hundred yards of land separates the two different colored lakes from each other. Continuing on, the stage drops its passengers at Lake Tarawera. The launches are taken to the other side of the lake, and from there there is a long climb up and down to Lake Rotomohana. This body of boiling water is crossed by launches. Along the shores are colored terraces, over

which the chalky water flows. A long climb over volcanic and broken ground brings one to the Waimongu geyser. This monster, before the eruption and earthquake which devastated the land for fifty miles around twelve years ago, had the record for the highest spout. It is now partially wrecked. Going on to Waitapu the corps were shown more wonders by the Maori girl guides. Eighteen shades of earth can be found here, and the ground all round rings hollow to the foot. Wairaki, the farthest point of our pilgrimage, was the loveliest paradise of all that we visited. Here the trees and shrubs are absolutely magnificent in color and variety, and here even the grounds of the hotel in which we stayed were enlivened with geysers and strange caves and grottos, not to mention a splendid plunge-bath constructed in the open air by partially damming a naturally warm stream and running it over a tank. We were loath to leave this haven of content, but, after a return journey to our boat which was as interesting and as pleasant as the outgoing one, we left the land of our hospitable Australian cousins on November 22nd for Canada, home and duty.

SPROULE.

FOX RANCHING ON PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

FOX ranching is an industry a quarter of a century old. It is carried on on a large scale on this island, where there are about three hundred ranches, with an average of six pairs of silver or black foxes to each. These animals, which are smaller than an ordinary terrier, are worth from fifteen to twenty-five thousand dollars a pair; that is, of course, if they are thoroughbred, for the wild black fox in most cases is not pure.

Just lately the keepers have been very successful in ranching the fox. A few years ago the silver fox had to be kept very quiet, and only one person was allowed to attend him; but at last they have become more like dogs and can even be put in store windows on exhibition. While I was home at Easter I saw a beautiful pair of silver foxes who were very tame.

In the past year large companies have been incorporated, paying extremely high dividends. Last October the Galton Fox Co. paid a dividend of nine hundred per cent. But in buying fox stock there is considerable risk, and no one takes the chance of buying on margin.

When a new ranch is incorporated they pay a dividend of at least twenty per cent.

A fox ranch covers a few acres of ground, generally enclosed within a large spruce hedge with a fence in the middle. All around this hedge are posts with electric lights, all on the one switch. These are used in case a thief enters the ranch, as they are automatically arranged with the different fox pens to light up the instant the door is opened. In the centre of this enclosure is the keeper's house.

The fox pens are constructed by putting a cement floor ten feet below the surface of the earth, and to this steel wire is fastened. That is to prevent all possible escape by burrowing. The foxes are housed in kennels, just like dogs, or they may burrow and make their own homes, but they only do this for a short time, as they soon find that they are safe in the kennel, which is ventilated and kept in a highly sanitary condition.

When the keeper wants to move the fox he uses a long pair of tongs, which clasp about his neck. This is done so as not to injure the fur. The only time they can be handled is in the months of April and May, when they lose their fur.

In the last month the price for fox pelts has advanced twenty-five per cent. on the London market. The Prince Edward Island fox commands the highest price, and is considered the world's champion. It is not surprising that several of the old farmers are now millionaires, having got in "on the ground floor" with a pair of foxes.

The Hon. Charles Dalton, one of the pioneers in fox ranching, gave a handsome gift to Prince of Wales College. He donated sixty thousand in cash and two hundred shares in his ranch, the par value being fifty dollars per share, paying a dividend of nine hundred per cent. In the Dalton Ranch at the present time there are twelve pairs of old foxes and about one hundred and fifty pups. Only last week they lost forty pups. They disappeared in a night. An electrical storm was in progress, and it is believed the mothers got frightened and ate the little ones, as is their custom.

These luxurious beasts are even provided with a hospital constructed last year. This is an up-to-date hospital in every respect. Here the foxes undergo various operations, such as the amputation of a leg, etc. The institution maintains about twenty-four nurses and one doctor in residence. It is kept up by the different ranch owners, and is situated in Charlottetown.

One pair of Frank Suplin's foxes produced twenty-four young in three years. The monopoly was broken by this man in 1909.

Prince Edward Island silver black fox pelts have averaged individually a price six times greater than fox pelts from any other part of the world. Prince Edward Island No. 1 fox fur is fine, soft and silky. The silver hairs cannot be successfully duplicated by any dyeing process, and in this way they are more valuable than the black fox.

Information about fox raising that was at one time priceless is now available for everyone interested. It is only natural that when you take a trip to the Island all you hear is foxes, and that one of the first things to greet your eyes in a store window is a display of the same valuable little animals exposed there by way of advertisement.

J. McGREGOR.

CANADA'S DUTY TO THE EMPIRE

Winning essay sent in by St. Andrew's in the competition known as "The St. Catherine's Chapter I.O.D.E., 'Imperial Prize,'" presented by Major R. W. Leonard.

BY K. B. JOHNSON.

IF we turn back through the pages of history we shall find that the rise of the British Empire commences from the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was during this period that Britain showed her supremacy of the sea, and although she has had this power contested many times, she still remains, "the ruler of the waves." When we say that the rise of the British Empire commences from this date we mean that Britain began to acquire new territories which were put under the rule of the English sovereign. We do not find, however, till late in the reign of Queen Victoria that there existed between the colonies for one another any Imperial spirit.

Canada of fifty years ago was a very different land from what it is to-day. Then our country only consisted of Upper and Lower Canada, the Maritime Provinces, and a small settlement on the Red River. Although Upper and Lower Canada had been united some years previously still the other provinces had their own governments and each levied duties against the trade of their neighbours. Their aim was to advance themselves no matter at what expense to a weaker province. About 1864 there was a movement set on foot to unite the provinces, but the difficulties to bring about this union at that time seemed enormous. Many people thought a federated government would ruin their trade and give them less freedom; consequently they were against such a move. Moreover some connecting link was necessary to join the Maritime Provinces, and a railway at that time seemed an almost impossible task. Canada, however, was blest with a strong leader in Sir John A. Macdonald, and under his leadership the provinces formed the Dominion of Canada.

To-day, how all is changed! One parliament controls the interests of nine provinces. These are linked together, not only by sen-

timent, but also with those stronger ties of the telegraph, railway and commerce. It was over thirty years before Australia followed the example of Canada. A few years ago the colonies in South Africa united to form a Dominion. Since these colonies have brought their states under one government they have prospered as never before.

If the colonies thus show their desire for a union separately, surely it is time for a greater union; a union of all the nations within the British Empire. Why is it then that the colonies do not join their powers under one government? We have seen how Canada has prospered since federation. Why do people still stand back and repeat, "Such a union would injure our trade and take from us much of our freedom?" Surely this has been disproved by Canada's experience. Is it, then, that the Empire lacks a leader? If this is the cause surely it is the duty of Canada to produce one who would show to the Empire how such a union would not only strengthen British power, but also produce greater wealth in every colony.

It was clearly shown that such an imperial spirit existed between the colonies at the celebration of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. On this occasion representatives came from every part of the Empire to London where a Colonial Conference was held. Three years later the loyalty of the colonies to stand by one another in times of war was strikingly seen in the sending of volunteers to South Africa.

Canada to-day is the outstanding colony in opposition to a federated government. The reason for this is explained by the fact that there are two nations living under the Canadian flag. The French Canadians which make up no small amount of the population of the Dominion are almost to a man against it. The French are as loyal as any British subject to Canada, but their loyalty is of a different character from that of the Englishman. They have their own traditions and religion, they are happy and contented under the present form of government and wish for no change.

The duty of Canada, then, is to educate every Canadian born subject, and those who are flocking to our shores to the idea of an Imperial government which would control all the common interests of the colonies. There must be, however, more than mere sentiment to bind together these great nations. It is necessary to have

some vital interest in common, such as the trade of the Empire. If Imperial Federation is to be approached on the side of commerce then both Great Britain and the colonies must be prepared to make many sacrifices for the betterment of the whole. Should Preferential Trade be established throughout the Empire, then this would mean that Canada would discontinue much of her trade with the United States. At first, no doubt, Canada would suffer greatly from being cut off from the American market. However, after the trade conditions had been readjusted there is little doubt that the wealth throughout Canada and the Empire would be greatly increased.

A problem closely allied with Imperial Federation is that of Imperial Defence. In the last decade there has been a marvellous expansion in the navies of the world. Germany and America have greatly enlarged their fleets. England to keep up her reputation of having a navy greater than any two nations of the world, is required to build two ships to every one of her opponents. For Britain to accomplish this task alone, without the help of her colonies has become an impossibility. The people of the British Isles are now taxed to the utmost. Should the taxes be raised further it would only increase the discontent which is even now showing itself within the United Kingdom and causing thousands to leave the country.

The ever increasing population and wealth of the colonies show the prosperity which has grown out of peaceful times. We are indebted to Britain's navy more than to any other cause for the peace which we have enjoyed during the past century. In some way, therefore, we must uphold the power which gives us wealth and strength.

It is, indeed, deplorable that the naval questions in Canada should be drawn into party politics. Where the ships are built seems unimportant as long as they are built. It would seem, however, to be less expensive to build the Dreadnoughts in England where ships have been constructed for centuries than to bring over the material, docks and skill in order to build them in Canada. It is evidently unnecessary for the ships to remain in Canadian waters, for should all the colonies do this an enemy by a sudden attack might cut off the fleets from uniting and defeat them one by one. If the ships be given to the English government they can be placed

where they are most required and in such a way that they may be united at a moment's notice. For as long as the British fleet remains undefeated, whether it be thousands of miles distant or steaming up and down the coasts of the colonies, it protects the whole of the British Empire.

There is the alternate view taken, however, that if the ships be given to the English government, they might be used to fill up places which the English people, themselves, would have supplied. Thus the fleet would grow no larger than before the Colonial governments stepped in to aid. In either case it is now time that the colonies should bear some of the burden of the motherland. It is not only a fleet which is necessary for Britain to keep the supremacy of the sea, but there must also be bases for the fleet to fall back upon where they may be protected and receive new supplies. It is therefore the duty of the Dominions to not only support the British navy, but also bases and coaling stations for the fleet.

The navy question, however, is only a part of the greater problem of Imperial Defence. The time has now arrived for the colonies to help support an Imperial Army as well as that of the navy. Each colony should have and keep up a standing force. India supports her own great army while Canada supports but few soldiers. Canada as her population increases will no doubt bear her share of this burden as she has borne her part of the duties to the Empire in the past.

The question of immigration which every new country has to face is already troubling the Dominion. Modern immigration is totally different from that of ancient times. Then a whole tribe used to move and migrate to a new country. To-day it is the individual who comes from the old land to found a new home. The problem which Canada faces is that of educating these people of different nationalities in the laws, religion and ideals of the British Empire.

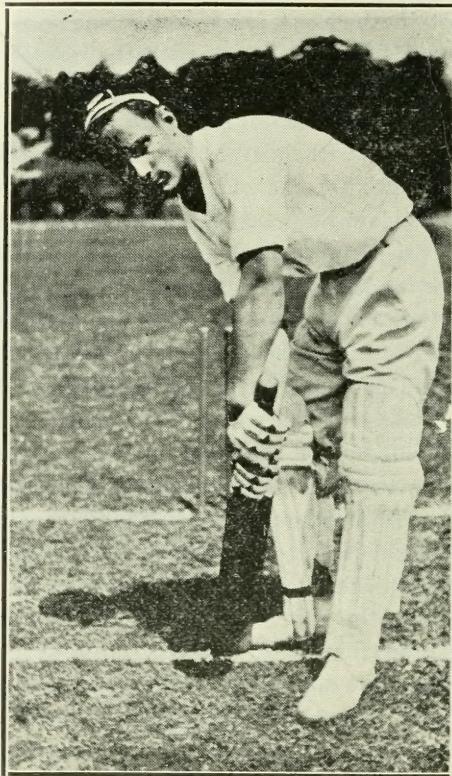
Canada has seen the failure of the United States to cope with this most important problem. To-day the masses in the United States no longer hold to American sentiment and ideals of a century ago. During the past twenty years immigration to the United States has been to a great extent from the ignorant classes of South Eastern Europe. These people do not learn American ideals, they have brought over the vices of the old world and have completely

changed the spirit of the States. At present Canada is obtaining her immigrants from Northern Europe. As long as the tide flows from this part of the old world where the people are educated and hold to Christianity, Canada will be glad to receive them. But when the United States close their gates to immigration, as they inevitably must in the next few years, what then will happen to Canada? She will be face to face with the masses from the whole of Europe. If the United States have failed to Americanize these people from Russia, Poland and Hungary; how can Canada hope to Canadianize them with but an eighth of the population of the States? It appears that the only solution to this problem is for Canada to pass a law allowing in, only those who are especially adapted to live in a country such as this. Canada, as it is, only guarantees work for the farmer and the domestic servant, yet others keep pouring in which increase by leaps and bounds the number of unemployed. At present there is an immigration of almost four hundred thousand people a year, one-twentieth of Canada's population. Many of these people speak a foreign tongue, many have no religion nor patriotism for their new country. Canada must educate these people, teach them the ideals of Christianity and of the British Empire. If the country is too sparsely populated to Canadianize them, then it is quite time that a strict law be passed limiting the number and class of immigrants. Certainly we should in some way profit by the experience of the United States and try to keep out of their predicament.

If the new people coming to our land be properly educated to our ideals, then, we would be storing up a tremendous energy for future times. The wealth of Canada has as yet been hardly touched and if this wealth is properly protected till the time is ripe for its use then Canada should become the richest country in the world.

To-day the British Empire stands for Christianity and the upholding of the traditions and ideals of Western civilization. Canada's duty to the Empire is, then, above solving all these present-day problems, that with her boundless territory and almost untouched wealth, she will in the days to come uphold the traditions, religion and ideals of the Caucasian race until there shall come a time of universal peace and understanding.

Athletics



"Lin" Wright

PERSONNEL OF THE FIRST ELEVEN

Coatsworth.—Plays a clean, hard batting game when once set. Is also an excellent bowler.

Young I.—An excellent field, but when at bat is too much inclined to play back.

Scott.—A hard hitting left hand bat and a good run-getter, but is inclined to hit too much.

Cassels.—A good bat and a fair field.

Wallace.—Came from the second team and plays a careful, steady game.

Davis I.—An excellent wicket keeper, in fact one of the best we have had; weak in batting.

Leckie I.—A steady fielder, but lacks batting ability.

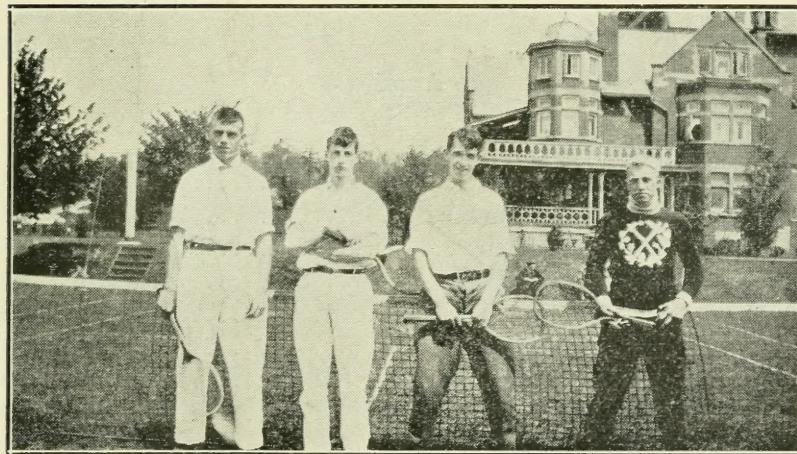
Davis II.—Made several sensational catches in the field during season, and in time should be a good player.

Taylor III.—Found near middle of the season; shows good judgment in his batting, and is a splendid fielder.

Cantley.—A fair all-round player.

Wright I.—As an all-round cricketer is second to none in the league. The best bat we have had for some years, and also bowls a good length ball with splendid control. Captained his team with his usual judgment and ability.

C. W. T.



Prefects All

CRICKET—FIRST XI

ROSEDALE VS. ST. ANDREWS.

IN this, the first game of the season, played on May 9th, the college team was rather weak in batting, though the fielding was good.

ROSEDALE.

H. S. Reid, c. Wallace, b. Wright	6
B. Parker, c. Young, b. Wright	10
J. Bell, bowled Young	36
A. Heath, c. Young, b. Brown	4
G. M. Baines, c. Wallace, b. Young	3
A. Ker, c. Davis, b. Wright	20
H. H. Humphries, bowled Wright	2
F. Hutty, c. Whitaker, b. Wright	0
Raeburn, c. Brown, b. Wright	21
Spinney, not out	1
Extras	2
<hr/>	
	105

ST. ANDREW'S.

M. Young, bowled Reid	0
W. Cassells, run out	0
H. Leckie, c. Hutty, b. Parker	10
L. Wright, bowled Raeburn	7
D. Cantley, bowled Raeburn	1
R. Hatch, bowled Reid	0
R. Brown, bowled Raeburn	3
E. Whitaker, stumped Raeburn	0
E. Wallace, bowled Parker	0
R. Davis, stumped Parker	1
B. Brown, not out	4
Extras	7
<hr/>	

ST. ALBAN'S VS. ST. ANDREW'S.

On May 16th the game with St. Alban's was played. St. Andrew's managed to knock up a few runs, but not enough to win against the deadly bowling of Mucklestone, who was too much for the students, and took 7 wickets for 9 runs.

ST. ALBAN'S.

W. C. Greene, c. Cantley, b. Coatsworth	38
A. H. Thorne, c. Wallace, b. Coatsworth	24
F. Colbourne, c. Wallace, b. Young	0
H. G. Horn, c. Wright, b. Wright	8
W. H. Garritt, run out	0
F. Saxton, c. Young, b. Coatsworth	4
H. Hancock, bowled Wright	0
F. Grew, not out	16
C. Mucklestone, bowled Coatsworth	0
H. S. Moan, run out	5
Extras	2
	97

ST. ANDREW'S.

C. Coatsworth, bowled Mucklestone	0
H. Leekie, c. Hancock, b. Mucklestone	1
M. Young, c. Hancock, b. Thorne	0
L. Wright, bowled Mucklestone	35
D. Cantley, c. Horn, b. Thorne	0
H. Scott, run out	0
W. Cassells, bowled Mucklestone	0
R. Brown, bowled Mucklestone	2
E. Wallace, bowled Mucklestone	0
E. Whitaker, not out	3
R. Davis, bowled Mucklestone	0
Extras	1

MIMICO VS. ST. ANDREW'S.

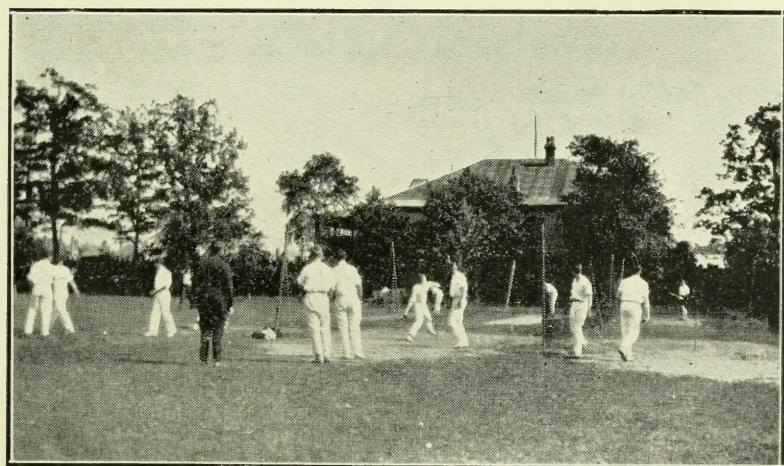
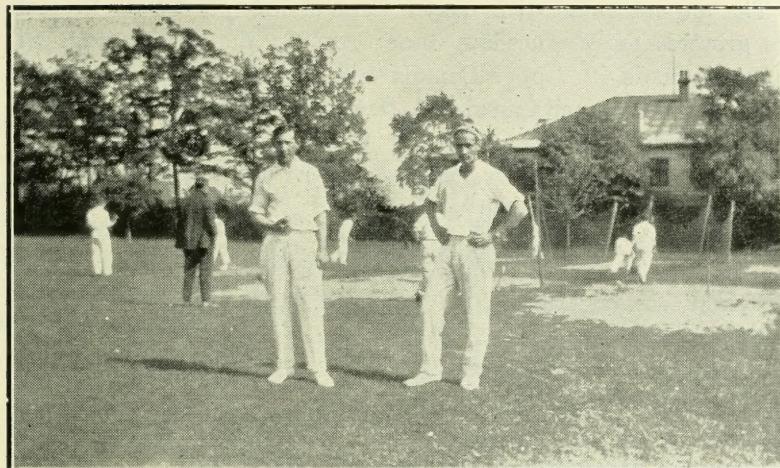
The annual game with Mimico took place at Mimico on Thursday, May 28th. It resulted in a sweeping victory for St. Andrew's of 268 to 58. The boys played good cricket, and with Mr. Ker's 113 knocked up 268 runs. Mimico team were, unfortunately, not as strong a team as in former years.

MIMICO.

Dr. Bennett, bowled Wright	12
Maxwell, c. Davis, b. Wright	9
Terry, c. Wright, b. Coatsworth	3
Shannon, c. Ker, b. Wright	19
Wiffen, bowled Wright	0
Bourke, c. Cantley, b. Wright	0
Knowles, bowled Wright	7
Neal, c. Davis, b. Wright	2
Howse, c. Wright, b. Wright	0
Crosswaite, c. Cantley, b. Ker	2
Walton, not out	3
Austin, c. Scott, b. Wright	0
Extras	1
	58

ST. ANDREW'S.

L. Wright, l.b.w., b. Wiffen	9
A. Ker, stumped, b. Howse	113
C. Coatsworth, bowled Ruttan	66
D. Cantley, bowled Howse	3
M. Young, c. Knowles, b. Bennett	6
H. Leckie, bowled Ruttan	1
H. Scott, hit wicket, b. Howse	12
W. Cassels, run out	20
E. Wallace, bowled Bennett	17
L. Davis, c. Crosswaite, b. Bennett	4
B. Brown, bowled Neal	7
R. Davis, not out	2
Extras	8



U. C. C. VS. S. A. C.

The annual game with Upper Canada was played on the college grounds on Wednesday, June 3rd. In the first innings St. Andrew's made 69, Upper Canada 105. In the second innings S. A. C. made 74, Upper Canada 94, thereby winning the game by 56 runs. Wright was top scorer for St. Andrew's, making all together 39. Inglis of Upper Canada was the best batter of the day, making 63 first innings, and 44 the second.

ST. ANDREW'S (First Innings).

L. Wright, bowled Murray	4
M. Young, l.b.w., Greer	0
C. Coatsworth, bowled Murray	0
W. Cassels, bowled Greer	0
H. Leckie, bowled Murray	14
E. Winter, c. Henderson, b. Murray	3
D. Cantley, c. Johnson, b. Greer	0
J. Taylor, c. Greer, b. Murray	22
H. Scott, bowled Murray	24
E. Wallace, not out	0
R. Davis, c. Johnson, b. Murray	0
Extras	2
	69

UPPER CANADA (First Innings).

Burrows, bowled Wright	0
Henderson, bowled Wright	0
Wilkinson, c. Scott, b. Wright	0
Heintzman, c. Gantley, b. Taylor	15
Inglis, c. Davis, b. Young	63
Esten, c. Wright, b. Wright	0
Johnson, c. Davis, b. Coatsworth	3
Greer, run out	2
Caldwell, c. Davis, b. Young	5
Murray, c. Davis, b. Wright	10
Gunsaulus, not out	0
Extras	6
	105

ST. ANDREW'S (Second Innings).

L. Wright, l.b.w., b. Murray	35
M. Young, bowled Greer	1
C. Coatsworth, bowled Murray	1
W. Cassels, bowled Greer	1
H. Scott, bowled Murray	5
J. Taylor, c. Inglis, b. Greer	4
D. Cantley, c. Murray, b. Murray	7
H. Leckie, c. Heintzman, b. Murray	0
E. Winter, bowled Heintzman	0
E. Wallace, bowled Heintzman	12
R. Davis, not out	3
Extras	5
	—
	74

UPPER CANADA (Second Innings).

Burrows, c. Cantley, b. Coatsworth	9
Greer, c. Young, b. Wright	1
Wilkinson, bowled Coatsworth	1
Heintzman, bowled Coatsworth	9
Inglis, c. Cassels, b. Taylor	44
Esten, bowled Coatsworth	8
Johnston, c. Young, b. Young	3
Henderson, bowled Young	0
Caldwell, bowled Wright	8
Murray, run out	8
Gunsalus, not out	0
Extras	2
	—
	94

T. C. S. VS. S. A. C.

On Saturday, June 6th, the first eleven played their second school game. The first innings was ragged on both sides, neither teams fielding any too well. The second innings was different, both teams playing better, but St. Andrew's outclassed their opponents in batting. They made a total of 124 runs, of which Wright made

52, Young and Scott each 21. In the first innings Wright made 44 not out, and Taylor contributed 18. The final score was S. A. C., 205; T. C. S., 153.

S. A. C. (First Innings).

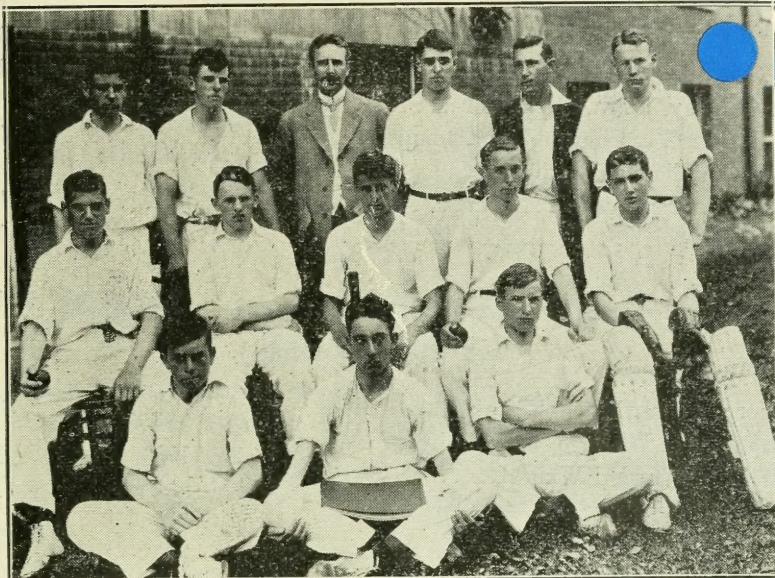
L. Wright, not out	44
H. Leckie, bowled Dempster	0
M. Young, run out	2
C. Coatsworth, bowled Dempster	5
H. Scott, c. Moore, b. Saunders	3
J. Taylor, c. Ketchum, b. Saunders	18
W. Cassels, c. Aylen, b. Grey	2
D. Cantley, bowled Saunders	0
E. Wallace, l.b.w., b. Saunders	0
L. Davis, bowled Saunders	2
R. Davis, c. Bird, b. Grey	3
Extras	2
	81

T. C. S. (First Innings).

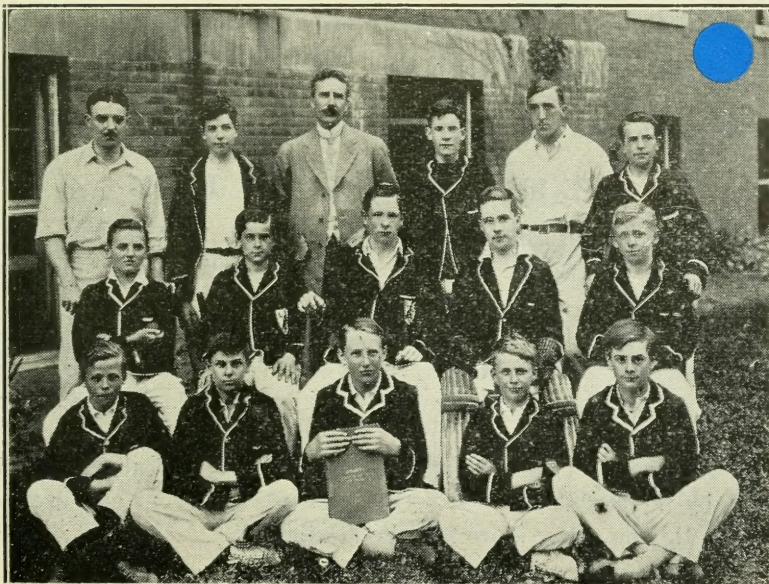
Moore, bowled Coatsworth	15
McBean, bowled Coatsworth	6
Ketchum, bowled Coatsworth	7
McKendrick, bowled Young	12
Saunders, c. Coatsworth, b. Young	0
Dempster, bowled Young	1
Grey, c. L. Davis, b. Wright	7
Aylen, c. Cassels, b. Wright	13
Chappelle, l.b.w., b. Coatsworth	1
Strathy, not out	19
Bird, c. Young, b. Young	4
Extras	12
	98

S. A. C. (Second Innings).

L. Wright, bowled Moore	52
H. Leckie, bowled Saunders	0
M. Young, bowled Saunders	21
C. Coatsworth, c. Bird, b. Saunders	1



Second Eleven, Upper School



First Eleven, Lower School

H. Scott, bowled Saunders	21
J. Taylor, bowled Dempster	3
W. Cassels, bowled Dempster	0
D. Cantley, 1.b.w., Dempster	2
E. Wallace, c. Chappelle, b. Dempster	4
L. Davis, bowled Dempster	8
R. Davis, not out	1
Extras	11
	124

T. C. S. (Second Innings).

Moore, c. Cantley, b. Wright	3
McBean, c. Wallace, b. Wright	2
Ketchum, bowled Wright	10
McKendrick, bowled Coatsworth	1
Saunders, bowled Coatsworth	2
Dempster, bowled Wright	6
Grey, bowled Coatsworth	0
Aylen, bowled Wright	15
Chapelle, bowled Young	1
Strathy, bowled Wright	15
Bird, not out	0
	55

THE SECOND CRICKET TEAM

THE second cricket team of this year, up to date, has had a successful season, the team work and batting being quite up to the standard.

The first game was played with St. Alban's C. C. Seconds, whose superiority in batting may be easily seen by the score, which was 97—28. The opposing team were older and had had more experience at cricket.

Following this game we were again unluckily defeated by Highfield, by the score of 45—43. Our team were nervous and excited, and to this our poor score may be attributed.

In the game against Upper Canada College we won our first victory, defeating U. C. C. by 15 runs, the score being 80—65. Brown I and Davis II batted well.

With two games remaining to be played, and our team getting into form, the conclusion of our season should be a successful one.

The team so far is: Whitaker I, Whitaker II, Brown I, Brown II, Grant I, Davis II, Leckie II, Cameron, Paterson, Ings.

E. WHITAKER I.

BOXING, WRESTLING AND FENCING TOURNAMENT

THE annual Boxing, Wrestling and Fencing Tournament was held on April 22nd and 23rd. For the first time the boxing and wrestling championships are held by the same boy, Willoughby being the successful competitor. Following are the results:

BOXING.

75 lbs., 1st bout.—Thorley vs. Findley II. Thorley had the best of the first round. Findley livened things up in the second and third rounds, but Thorley won on form.

Final.—Thorley vs. Macdougall II. It was very even in this bout, but Macdougall won in the finish.

85 lbs.—Harris vs. Lawson. Lawson won after a very lively three rounds.

95 lbs.—Lowndes vs. Easson. This bout was fast and furious all the way, with Lowndes getting the decision.

105 lbs.—Rolph II. There was no other entry.

115 lbs.—Balfour II only entry, but Rolph II gave away a lot of weight and went against him. There were three spirited rounds, but weight told and Balfour won.

135 lbs.—Rolph I vs. Brown II. Heavy hitting featured the first and part of the second, when it was stopped, as Brown was overweight. They then gave an exhibition round. Rolph won.

145 lbs., final.—Willoughby vs. Stuckey. Willoughby did the forcing in the first two rounds, but Stuckey evened things in the last. In the extra round a lively bout ensued with Willoughby doing the forcing and so getting the decision.

158 lbs.—Lindsay vs. Stonehouse. Slugging predominated and Lindsay won.

Heavyweight.—Taylor vs. Sproule. A good bout with hard hitting, Taylor winning in the end.

Championship, 1st bout.—Taylor vs. Sproule. Both went easy in first two rounds, and in the third they started in fast, but Taylor slackened up and Sproule got the decision.

Final.—Sproule vs. Willoughby. A bout full of thrills, both boys showing good form. Willoughby got the decision.

WRESTLING.

75 lbs., 1st bout.—Odell II vs. Home II. Odell II won in one minute.

Final.—Odell II vs. Lockhart. Lockhart won in one minute.

85 lbs., 1st bout.—Somer II vs. Nerlick. Nerlick won in two minutes.

Final.—Nerlick vs. McCarter. McCarter won a close bout in two minutes.

95 lbs., final.—Stonehouse II vs. Home I. Stonehouse put up a good show, but lost.

105 lbs.—McDougall I vs. Darroch. McDougall won a close bout in three minutes.

125 lbs.—Findley I vs. Davis II. Findley won easily in one and a quarter minute.

135 lbs.—Cassells vs. Winter I. Cassells won a hard, fast bout in four minutes.

145 lbs.—Sproule vs. Willoughby. A good bout, finally won by Sproule.

158 lbs.—Wright I vs. Ings. Wright won in forty seconds.

Heavyweight.—Davis I vs. Trow. Davis won in eight minutes after a hard tussle.

Championship.—Willoughby vs. Sproule. An interesting bout. Won by Willoughby.

FENCING.

Senior Championship.—1, Porter; 2, Caven.

Junior Championship.—Hewitt.

C. P. C.

ASSAULT-AT-ARMS

THE Eighth Annual Assault-At-Arms took place on Friday evening, March 27, in the College Gymnasium. The gymnasium was gaily decorated with flags and pennants and pictures of successful athletic teams of former years. Although it was a wet evening, many visitors were present and the proceedings passed off most successfully. Especially good was the work of the Seniors on the horizontal bar, and that of Brown and Ings on the rings. One spectator who saw our Senior Gym. Team for the first time declared very emphatically that the show they gave far surpassed in neatness and finish that of any Public School team he had ever seen in England. The first part of the programme began with Marching Tactics by the Lower School accompanied by Mr. Taylor on the piano. It was excellent, the boys keeping in perfect step and in time with the music. Then followed the Junior Leaders with their performance on the German Horse. The High Horizontal Bar was next, and a number of very interesting turns were given by the Gym Team. They did all that was asked of them perfectly and without a hitch. The Lower School then made a few Pyramids which met with their due measure of applause. On the Parallel Bars the First and Second Gym. Team performed very creditably. The Junior Leaders on the Low Horizontal Bars gave a good exhibition, followed by some capital work by Ings and Brown on the Flying Rings. The First and Second Gym. Teams then went through the Mat Exercises and closed the first part of the programme.

The second part of the programme commenced with a fencing exhibition by Porter and Rose. Then followed a very interesting display of Life Saving. The wrestling was good, both boys showing considerable mastery of various holds, and the last item on the programme, a boxing bout, brought out some very creditable sparring.

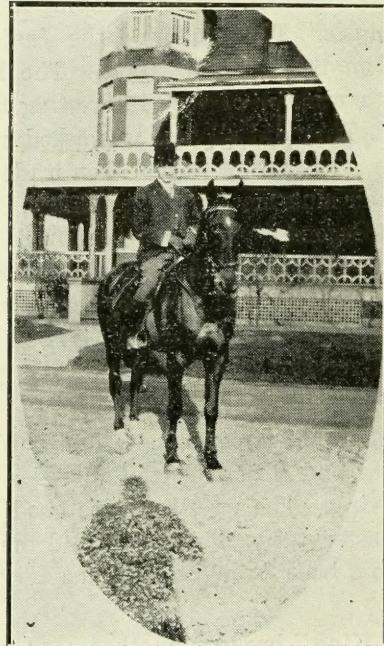
“God Save the King” brought another very successful Assault to a close.

Willoughby and Trow, with the tiny Smart, made splendid clowns and greatly added to the joy of the spectators. Special mention must be made of the most comprehensive and satisfying wink of

of the first named, nor should we omit the sensational act upon the supports of the horizontal bar which very nearly brought down that firmly erected structure. We are asked to announce that they are prepared to take on any two other clowns at their weight.

Those who received First Gym. Team colours were: Wright I. (Capt.), Brown I., Cassels, Whitaker I., Ings and Willoughby. Junior Leaders: Harris (Capt.), Stonehouse II., Lazier, Lines, Lockhart, Black, Daroch and Menold.

LECKIE I.



Centaurus

SCHOOL NOTES**LIFE SAVING CLASS.**

THE class of this year was without doubt a great success. It was started after Christmas and every Saturday we went to the Varsity tank, while on Tuesday the Central Y. M. C. A. were kind enough to let us use their tank from 4 to 5.30. Mr. Chapman was Supervisor and Davis I, Instructor. Hard drills were held every day in the gymnasium. The examinations were on May 28 at the Central Y. M. C. A. Everybody went through the different tests without a pause, and showed their ability to tow and also to aid in resuscitation of the drowning.

There were twenty-six awards all told, all of them being medals. Leishman, Rankin, Ings and Davis I have also obtained the award of merit, which is the second highest award obtainable, the diploma being the highest.

Those that passed were: Travis, Findley, Fleming, Cossitt, Neil, McRae, Stuckey, Engel, Ralph I, McMurtry, Beer and Myers.

Proficiency: Darroch and Lazier.

R. D. DAVIS.

THE UPPER VI DINNER.

On Friday evening, February the twenty-seventh, a dinner was given for the Upper Sixth Form by Mr. and Mrs. Mickleborough at their beautiful home on Chestnut Park Road. After the guests had arrived, they were seated at a table beautifully decorated with roses and crimson ribbon, the latter forming a large St. Andrew's cross. A bounteous repast was served, to which the boys did full justice. After the dinner, a delightful evening was spent in music and games, and when the time for departure came each boy felt that it had come too soon. Those present were: C. W. Travis, R. A. Brown, T. I. Findley, K. G. Mickleborough, Vincent Wildman, Eric Wallace, C. P. Coatsworth and J. C. Engel. We wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. Mickleborough for their much-appreciated kindness.

J. C. E.

On Monday, June 1st, the Prefects were entertained at dinner by Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald; and on the Thursday following the whole Upper School were invited to a cheery evening during which, after refreshments had been served, an extempore musical programme was rendered with considerable enthusiasm. No complaints have as yet been received from the other residents of Rosedale. On Friday came the turn of the Lower School, who enjoyed themselves as heartily as their Seniors had done the day before.

Since going to press the Lower School have won on our ground and lost when away in two matches with U. C. C.

CADET CORPS.

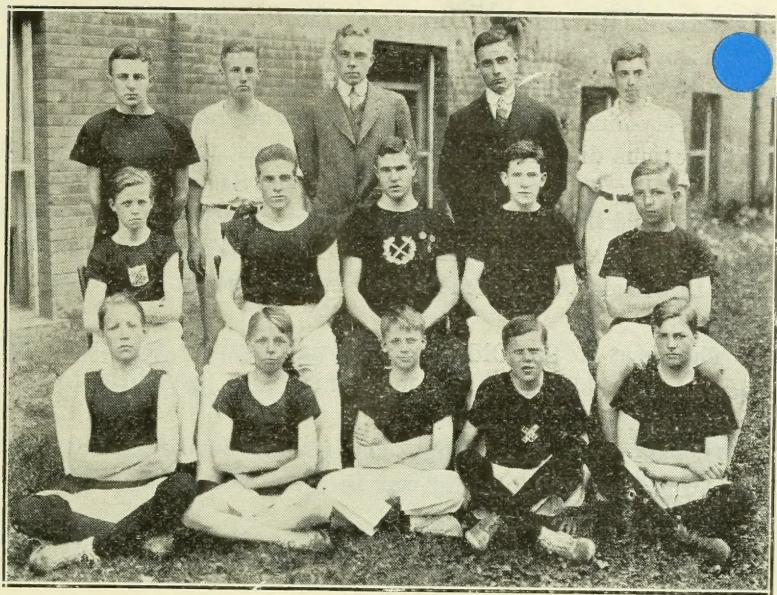
The Cadet Corps has had another successful year. The inspection which took place on June 4th, under Major Barker, passed off splendidly. It showed that the cadets were, as usual, well up in their drill, and the high standard of proficiency the corps has always held was ably maintained.

On Sunday, May 17th, the corps turned out with the 48th Highlanders for the semi-annual church parade. The day was a beautiful one and myriads of people thronged the line of march. The route was somewhat altered from previous parades, owing to the fact that service was held in the Arena instead of Massey Hall. It was the largest parade ever held in Toronto.

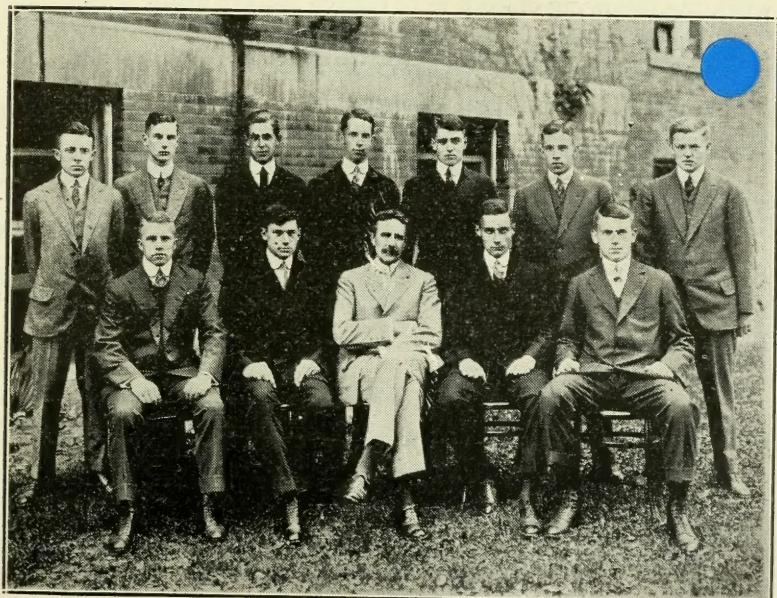
The usual half day was spent at the ranges on Monday, June 8th. Many high scores were handed in at the conclusion of the shoot. On examination it was found that Rankin had attained first place, Leckie II second, with Hyde and Soot coming third and fourth respectively.

Last but not least, on Sports Day part of corps formed the Guard of Honor to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught, for which they were duly rewarded by a half holiday.

D. CANTLEY.



Isthmian Club



Prefects

OLD BOYS' NOTES

THE Tenth Annual Dinner of the St. Andrew's College Old Boys' Association was held on Saturday evening, April 4th, when the Old Boys were the guests of the college.

Seventy-nine members were present, an increase over that of any previous dinner. After dinner the toast to the King was proposed by Dr. Macdonald. The toast to the School was proposed by Mr. J. Lesslie Fergusson, and responded to by Dr. Macdonald, who told of the achievements of the Old Boys, and requested all to see that the name of the school was maintained at its present high standard.

The toast to the Old Boys was proposed by the guest of the evening, Lt.-Colonel A. E. Gooderham, and responded to by the President, Mr. W. B. McPherson.

Dr. Macdonald, on behalf of the Old Boys, thanked Colonel Gooderham for the splendid way in which he had stood behind the school in all its undertakings.

During the evening several vocal and piano selections were given by Messrs. Taylor, Ralph, Kemp, Mills and Edmunds.

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered Mrs. Macdonald and Miss McCollum, and to those who contributed to the musical programme.

At the conclusion of the dinner a business meeting was held when the following officers were elected for the year:

President.—W. B. McPherson.

First Vice-President.—W. W. Winans.

Second Vice-President.—Robert Gill.

Secretary-Treasurer.—W. Lloyd Wood, Jr.

Committee.—R. E. Grass, J. C. Hope, J. L. Fergusson, Grenville Rolph, A. E. Gooderham, Jr.

A Finance Committee consisting of W. B. McPherson, Chairman, R. E. Grass and Kenneth MacLaren, was appointed to superintend the collection of funds for the gymnasium to be erected by the Old Boys.

The following Old Boys have been in communication with the College since the publication of the Easter number of the REVIEW:

Boak, Geoffrey, called at the College on April 21st, 1914. Since June 1st, 1913, has been President of Geo. E. Boak & Son, Ltd., Halifax, N.S.

Bell, Mackenzie Graham, called at the College on April 22nd, 1914,
Manager The Fleming Quarries, Glenwilliams, Ont.

Brodigan, Arthur, Mortgage Banker, Suite 22, 16 King St. W.;
residence, 129 South Drive, Toronto.

Davis, G. Gordon, with the Bank of Ottawa, Prince Albert, Sask.

Hopkins, J. W., Assistant Manager, Beef Dept., Swift Canadian Co.,
Edmonton, Alta.

The marriages of the following Old Boys have been reported to
the REVIEW since the publication of the Easter number:

Bowman, Howard H., to Miss Vera Clarke Stratton, of Hamilton,
on April 29th, 1914.

Bronson, Harry, to Miss Pauline E. Bromley, Ottawa, on August
13th, 1911.

Copp, Dutton, to Miss Muriel Jackson, Downsview, Ont., on May
21st, 1914.

Chesnut, Victor Stanley, to Miss Jessie Heighington, Toronto, on
April 6th, 1914.

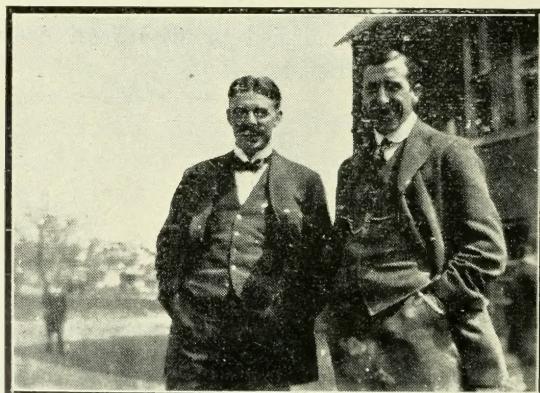
Leeson, John K., to Miss Edna Van Blarncom, of Calgary, on April
11th, 1914.

Copp, Frederic Edwin, married to Miss Jean Anderson, 249
Wellesley St., Toronto, on June 1st.

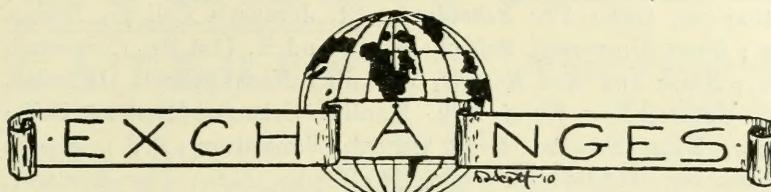
Gordon, Harvey M., a son, May 8th, 1914.

LOWER SCHOOL EMPIRE DAY CELEBRATION

ONCE more the Lower School Pyrotechnic Celebration of Empire Day has passed off without any serious damage to person or property. Its leading spirits, fired with sound ideas on economy, were evidently determined to get as much as they could for the money which with dogged insistence they had passed the afternoon in wresting from their victims. The result was an orgie of smoke and smell which persisted up to a late hour and strewed the surrounding landscape with rocket sticks and odorous pasteboard cylinders. An outstanding feature of the entertainment was provided by Syme, whose performance at times evoked bursts of applause from an admiring and respectful audience. The unexpectedness of operation shown by some of the fireworks, which would by no means go off as their designer advertised, formed no small part of the charm of this display. At one time a harmless-looking blue tube, which confidently asserted that it would produce little balls of different colored flame, suddenly developed squib-like tendencies disconcerting to the exponent. One evil-minded rocket, which should have soared harmlessly heavenward, took it into its stick to project itself horizontally upon a party of strangers who, thinking no evil, were busied with a bonfire in a neighbouring field. But perhaps the most eccentric of all was the Catherine-wheel which, scorning the base ties of stick and pin, and utterly refusing to gyrate humbly in its appointed sphere, shot upwards aubitiously into the empyrean and (like the arrow in the Aeneid) was no more seen.



Magnates of the Lower School



THE following new exchanges have been received this term, and we hope they will come again: *Carlisle Arrow*, U. S. Indian School, Carlisle, Pa.; *The Aegis*, Houston High School, Houston, Texas; *The Heliconian*, Moulton College, Toronto; *Houghton Star*, Houghton Seminary, Houghton, N.Y.; *The Collegian*, St. Thomas, Ont., Collegiate Institute; *Albertus*, Albert College, Belleville, Ont.; *Acta Victoriana*, Victoria College, Toronto.

The Aegis.—A few pictures would make a great improvement.

High School Times.—A very compact paper with good articles.

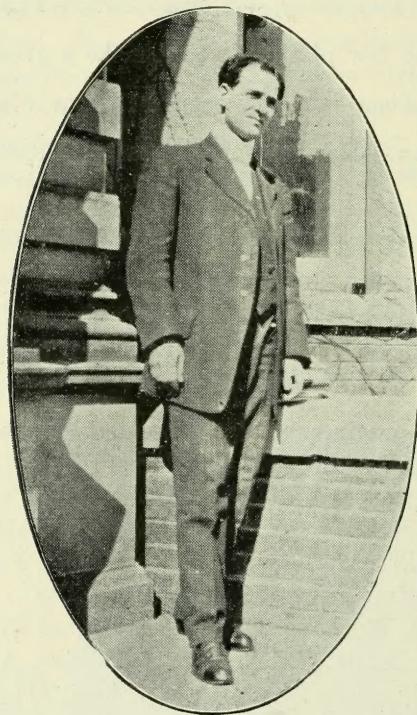
The Ashburian.—Has improved greatly; a splendid, all-round school paper.

The Albanian.—A fine school paper, with some very interesting articles.

The Carlisle Arrow.—A weekly paper got out by the Indians of U. S. Indian School, Pa., with purely local news, but still very interesting.

These older acquaintances have been gladly received, and we hope to see them all again next school year: *The School*, Bloor and Spadina Ave., Toronto; *The Albanian*, St. Alban's School, Brockville, Ont.; *Alt. Heidelberg*, Heidelberg College, Heidelberg, Germany; *T. C. S. Record*, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.; *Black and Red*, University School, Victoria, B.C.; *Boone Review*, Boone University, Wuchang, China; *Purple and Grey*, St. Thomas College, St. Paul, Minn., U.S.A.; *The Ashburian*, Ashbury College, Ottawa, Ont.; *The Quill*, Aleuin Prep. School, 11½ 15th West 86th St., New York; *Queen's Journal*, Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.; *Collegiate Outlook*, Moose Jaw Collegiate, Sask.; *Chronicle*, St. Hilda's College, Toronto; *High School Times*, High School, Box 233, Chatham, N.B.; *The Easterner*, Eastern High School, Washington, D.C.; *Acta Ridleyana*, Bishop Ridley College, St.

Catharines, Ont.; *The Schoolman*, St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ont.; *News*, University School, Hough and E. 71st St., Cleveland, Ohio; *Black and Red Review*, Hannibal High School, Hannibal, Mo., U.S.A.; *The Wind Mill*, Manlius Schools, Manlius, N.Y.; *Argus*, King Edward High School, Vancouver, B.C.; *Acadia Athenaeum*, Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.; *The Elevator*, Belleville High School, Belleville, Ont.; *Life*, Wilmerding School Industrial Arts, 16th and Utah Sts., San Francisco, Cal.; *Argosy*, Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B.



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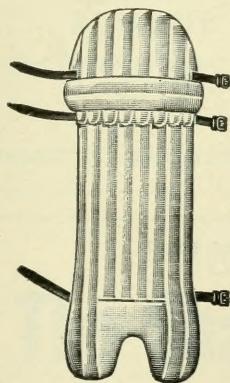
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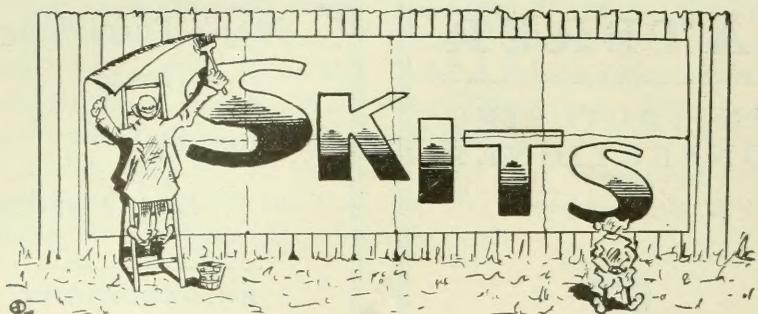
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The following poems, each treating of a different aspect of Eastern life, will, we feel sure, meet with a ready welcome amongst those of our readers who can appreciate the beauty of the clear spirit that inspires them. They probably represent the work of a school of poets of the same epoch, though critics of the Baconian type have professed to find a cryptogram in the arrangement of the initial letters of the towns alluded to, which in the order given here would suggest that the author was one C. Ramb Poet Laureate.

Each a little gem in its way, the whole series might not inaptly be compared with a rosary of precious stones culled from the far distant land whose manners they so faithfully depict.

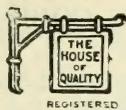
The haunting sadness of the verse commencing, "There once came a man from Lahore," must surely appeal to all of us.

PEARLS OF THE ORIENT.

There lived an old maid in Cashmire
Who asked, in discourse with a seer,
"Do you think the Ephesians
Had vascular lesions?"

He replied, "Why, of course!" with a sneer.

A lady well known in Rangoon
Lost her heart to an elderly coon;
Though his ankles were weak
He was fluent in Greek
And wrote "Odes on a Persian Spittoon."



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A baby once born in Arcot
 Concocted a fiendish plot
 Whereby elephant's legs
 Might be sharpened to pegs
 And discharged from a cannon like shot.

An elderly man from Madras
 Lived on peanuts, iron-filings and grass;
 Disembarked in the West
 They just jumped on his chest,
 And balled up his whiskers with brass.

There was a young man of Bombay,
 A very fine chap, in his way,
 Were it not for the fact
 That with absence of tact
 He had gnawed all his toe-nails away.

A stripling who hailed from Penang
 Was convicted and sentenced to hang;
 He replied from the rope,
 When they offered him soap,
 "Many thanks, I prefer a meringue."

There once came a man from Lahore
 Who refused to go out any more,
 When asked to explain
 He just curled up with pain
 And burst into tears on the floor.

Father—"What did you learn to-day?"
 Boy—"I learned something about guzzinto."
 Father—"Guzzinto?"
 Boy—"Yep."
 Father—"Well, what is guzzinto?"
 Boy—"Why 2 guzzinto 4 and 4 guzzinto 8."—Ex.

Fat Rogers (seeing grape fruit on master's table).—"I never liked that stuff. It takes too much milk to soften it."



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Think This Over, Men and Boys !

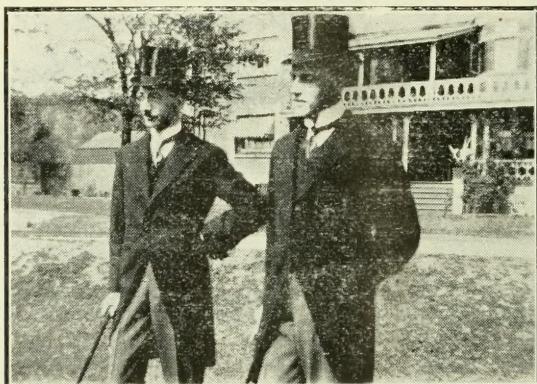
First Boy—"I'm getting tough. I ate a piece of 'Spearmint' yesterday, and it scared me to death."

Second Boy—"That's nothing. It always takes my breath away."

Small Girl (watching the inspection of the Cadets)—"Father, why do the officers keep saying, 'Common egg left worm'?"

Davis I—"Movies are becoming expensive. I was at the York yesterday, and it cost fifteen cents."

Findley—"They saw you coming. I only paid ten cents and got right up in the front row."



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Mr. Kerr: "Can I come in?"

The Artist: "Not in this class Sir"

Whitaker I—"Quis on my egg."

Bennett—"Eggs."

Comstock, at tuck—"Shall we have a sandwich?"

Munn I—"Lettuce." (Let us.)

Graham (referring to game at Mimico)—"Did the crazy people go in swimming?"

Wallace—"No, Just Bud Brown!"

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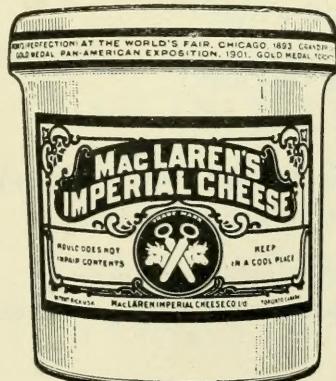
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NOTHING BETTER

The frenzied poet scratched his head and gnawed a fountain pen,
But got no sustenance from that, nor inspiration when
He needed inspiration most, to fill a page of skits,
No subject meet occurred to him, altho' he taxed his wits
Full busily. The Lower Flat were getting into bed
(At least they were in theory. But theory, it is said,
Is very far divorced from fact.) The noise this process makes
Suggests a crowd, in hob-nailed boots, annihilating snakes.
The doors are banged; the transoms clash; the air is full of sound
Of frantic tumult lasting till the master makes his round;
Then all is peace and quietness; the little darlings sleep
So innocent and placid that 'twould make the sternest weep
To chide them harshly. Still, the row is disconcerting quite
For him who would an "Epic on a Morning Coat" indite.
It really was "some" morning coat; 'twas such a perfect fit
That you would think its wearer had been melted into it,
As lead is poured into a mould. And then that 'bewful' hat!
Can any wonder at the pride of all the Lower Flat?
Who, though in but a humble way, could yet declare that they
Had some share in the glory of that ever glorious day?

Mr. F.—“Come, come, Findley, speak up like a little man.”

Old Boy (speaking to Mr. Taylor)—“I am very much indebted
for all you taught me last year.”

Mr. Taylor—“Oh, don't mention such a trifle!”

Macdonald—“What were you doing after dark?”

McRae—“Chasing a negro.”

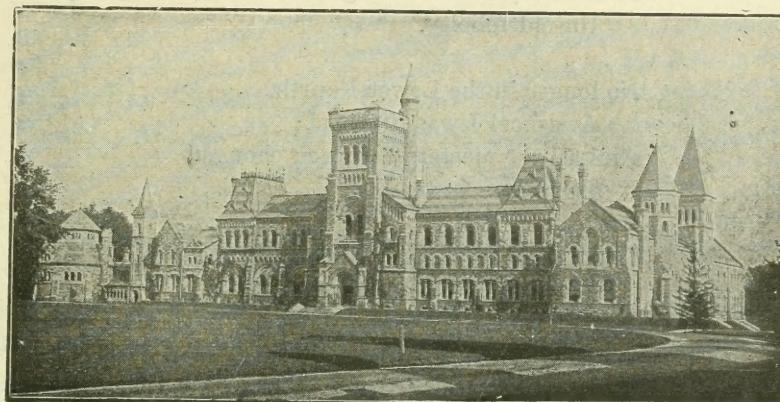
McRae (in Room 9, to Hatch, who is making a noise)—“Cut out
the racket, you're not in study now.”

852
Soot—“Look at the piece of rubber I found in my sausage.”

Engel—“That only goes to show that everywhere the motor car
is replacing the horse.”

Dr. Macd.—“Hurry up and eat your ice cream before it gets
cold.”

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He put his arm around her waist
 And placed upon her lips a kiss;
 "I've sipped," he said, "from many a cup,
 But never from a mug like this."—Ex.

'TWAS BUT A DREAM.

Last night, as I was wrapped in sleep,
 A vision came to me;
 It filled my inmost being with
 Untold felicity.

No longer in the Lower Fourth,
 At school I was the head;
 And all the masters had been changed
 To juniors instead.

I saw them all before me ranged,
 At my stern look they quailed;
 I set them endless tasks to do,
 And every time they failed,

I raved at their stupidity,
 Which frightened them the more;
 And then I gave them all the cane
 And impots by the score.

My castigations made them howl,
 And, while they danced with pain,
 I gave them not a moment's rest,
 But licked them all again.

Then, as with satisfaction great
 My handsome features beamed,
 I found I was a schoolboy still,
 And I had only dreamed.

HERBERT BRANDON.

Taylor III (in study)—"Sir! May I borrow the lend of a pen?"

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Mr. MacG., to Ings—"Where did you learn French?"
 Ings (who had studied abroad)—"From a native, sir."
 Mr. MacG.—"A native of what?"

Mr. Taylor—"If you boys can't bath without splashing water all over the floor, I will have to stop the baths altogether."

Winter II (hearing the janitor beating carpets)—"Where have I heard that noise before?"

When you've studied hard all night,
 And you know your lessons right,
 Who is it calls upon you your learning to recite?
 Nobody!

Cameron—"This coffee looks like mud."
 Grant I—"Well, it was ground this morning."

Tugs—"What's a polygon?"
 Fleming—"A dead parrot."

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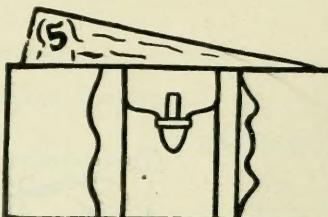
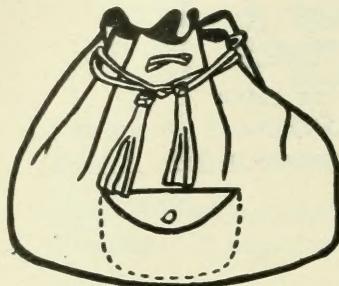
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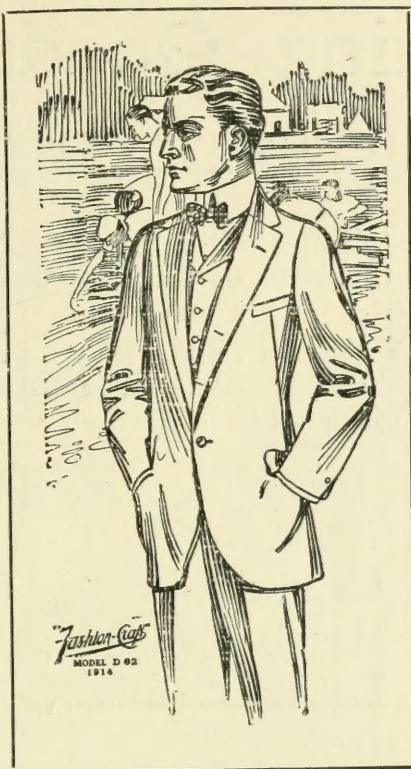
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